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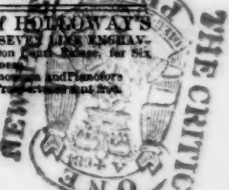
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Candour—Cantabrigia Cantabrigiensis—To a Courtier—Latin Epigram—A Shrewd Reply.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AUTHOR.—We cannot find that either the pamphlet or the advertisement reached us.

MARGARET is informed that the authors of *The Wide, Wide World* is Miss Warner, and her residence is at New York. The new edition of *The Wide, Wide World* has additional and copyright matter; and Quincey is in its fifth edition. Both are published by Messrs. Nesbit and Co.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know.

W. Y.—We are unable to answer his queries. We have somewhere seen a life of the prelate, but we forget by whom it is. The *Authorities of the Society of Friends* is informed that we cannot open our columns to appeals by authors against the judgments of our reviewers, for this reason—there would be no end to controversy.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER's translations are creditable to him.

ENQUIRER.—The book is not in our possession.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall be obliged by an early remittance of all subscriptions, due at Christmas last, which are still unpaid. Postage stamps may be sent for sums not exceeding 1s.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

PARLIAMENTARY LITERATURE AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

SEVERAL sittings (and strange to say with closed doors) have been held by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, recently appointed at the instance of Mr. TUFNELL, to inquire into the propriety of gratuitously distributing to Mechanics' Institutions throughout the country a selection of the papers, books, and documents published by Parliament. Mr. TUFNELL's movement in this direction has drawn some attention, in Parliament and out of it, to the state and nature of this which Mr. DISRAELI recently called "an important part of the national literature." The debate on the question of granting the Committee gave rise to some criticisms on certain portions of the contents of blue-books, chiefly the evidence given before Select Committees; and Mr. MONCKTON MILNES went the length of hinting that if extended publicity were to be given to the evidence in question, it would be well if members would refrain from asking trivial questions of witnesses; but the insinuation that such a fault could possibly be committed brought forth an indignant disclaimer from Mr. DISRAELI. Some sneers, out of Parliament, at the dulness and unattractiveness of its literature, have led to the publication of a recent return, showing that the sale of Parliamentary papers produces somewhere about 40,000*l.* a-year. The whole matter is one of rising interest, and a few remarks on it may not be out of place.

For all practical purposes Parliamentary papers may be separated into two divisions, State papers and others. State papers bear upon them that they are "presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command." These emanate from the various public departments of the country—the Home Office presenting the various reports made to it periodically by the inspectors of prisons, collieries, factories, mines, and so forth; while the Foreign Office emits diplomatic correspondence chiefly, and the Colonial Office mainly the

despatches of the governors of colonies. The "others" may, in a general way, be separated into "Returns" and "Reports of Select Committees." The returns have always been moved for by some member of the House, and are of the most miscellaneous description, from a catalogue of the salaries of all *employés* of the Government to the number of persons taken up in any locality for a given period as "drunk and disorderly." The reports of committees are generally the most bulky of the documents issued by Parliament; for the simple reason that every witness is exposed to a cross-fire of questions from every member of the committee, and that question and answer are taken down by shorthand-writers, and published with scrupulous accuracy and fulness.

As no attempt at condensation, arrangement, annotation, or elucidation is ever made in connection with a parliamentary paper, "Parliamentary Literature" is to the general reader a sealed book, and often to the reader even with a special object the most confusing and irritating of studies. It is extremely doubtful whether these incoherent masses of paper will be at all useful to or prized by members of Mechanics' Institutions; and it has been proved that in cases where they have been offered for the asking by the Heads of Public Departments, these Institutions generally have neglected to even apply for them. From the petitions to Parliament daily chronicled in the newspapers it would seem as if all the Literary Institutions in the country had been all at once smitten with a ravenous desire for its publications; but those who understand the practice of petitioning, as contradistinguished from its theory, will not lay much stress on this sudden ebullition.

If Mr. TUFNELL and his friends have for their object that the public should be made better acquainted with Parliamentary Literature, the more effectual course would be to move that it should be gratuitously distributed to the newspapers throughout the country. In this way probably the more interesting portion of its contents would be presented in an abridged but readable form; and now-a-days almost everybody reads a newspaper, while Mechanics' Institutions reckon among their members but a very small fraction of the population.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ON Monday the Leading Journal at last expressed a very tardy approval of that Treaty to secure International Copyright with America, the principle of which has been so often advocated in these columns, and which only awaits the ratification (unhappily necessary) of the American Senate to become part and parcel of the Statute Law of the World. If the Transatlantic legislative body, which reckons such a person as "General Cass" among its leaders, should be induced to raise its reputation by decreeing this act of simple justice, no one will be able to say that so desirable a consummation has been hastened by the efforts of the British press as a whole, or of British publishers as a class. With but too few honourable exceptions, the British press has viewed with languor or indifference the wholesale spoliation of which for a long series of years the chief ornaments of our literature have been the victims; and, up to a very recent date, the *Athenæum* was in the habit of pooh-poohing the righteous claims, in this respect, of British authors, and of proposing some reciprocal arrangement in which the poetry of WORDSWORTH and TENNYSON, the prose of MACAULAY and THACKERAY, were to be pitted against the latest "Colt's revolver" and "Hobbs's picklock," that might be due to mechanical skill set in motion by the destructiveness or acquisitiveness of Yankeeedom. Even the recent article in the *Times* was a dexterous and elaborate plaidoyer, not for justice to British authors, but for "protection" to those of America—the Leading Journal not dwelling on the new arena and new rewards to be offered to British intellect, but on the commercial advantages which might accrue to American writers of books, no longer exposed to the unrestricted competition of cheap reprints of English works, for which no American copyright had been paid. America, like the successful rogue in *Joe Miller*, has hitherto, in matters of authorship, stolen her brooms ready made; henceforth, like his less successful rival, she may steal only the rich material which long centuries of English culture have accumulated; and in the possible success of the Copyright Treaty, the *Times* can see nothing loom but the tasteful and lucrative ingenuity which the Americans may be forced into exerting, now that they are to be thrown upon themselves for the forms and combinations displayed in their intellectual wares! Paternoster-row, again, though sensitively jealous of the slightest domestic infringement of its copyrights, though ready even to "agitate" against the useful

publications of the Irish Education Commissioners, has never attempted to employ its undoubted influence with the Government in opening up to English authors a new market of sixteen millions of readers. The truth is,—this is not a publishers', but an authors', not an American, but an English question. The English publisher looks with fear and jealousy towards the new area of employment, and consequent comparative independence, which international copyright proffers to the English Author; for the time may come when the American periodicals will be supplied with their sprightliest articles by English pens, and when English novelists and historians will look mainly for their remuneration not to Albermarle-street, or Paternoster-row, but to the publishing firms of Boston and New York. Politically and commercially, America may be independent; but intellectually she must long remain a dependency of England's—with powers of literary production far inferior to those of her literary consumption; nor would the surliest critic of the American character deny to its almost febrile activity the accompanying presence of a ready sympathy and susceptibility for a literature of a certain high but peculiar kind, from which the stolid and practical intellect of England turns away in instinctive aversion. "In England," Coleridge used to say, "I am a poor poet, but a great philosopher beyond the Atlantic." It has been the industry and enterprise of Old England, of its JONESSES and COLEBROOKES and WILSONS, that have explored and made accessible the treasures of antique Indian philosophy and poetry; but if you want to detect any influence exerted by these on contemporary Anglo-Saxon literature, you must seek for it in the writings of the Transcendentalists of New England. CARLYLE's earlier works fell flat on his own countrymen, nurtured in the literary traditions of the eighteenth century, but they produced an immense commotion in the intellect of Young America; and the American literary journals are now advertising a fourth edition of a translation of such a work as NOVALIS's *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, of which, so far as Mr. GRAVE is aware, no version has yet appeared in England. JOHN STERLING's scattered writings were collected in America before ARCHDEACON HARE edited them here; and the veteran DE QUINCEY has just acknowledged the penetration and competency with which American editors are conducting the collective re-issue of his multifarious and widely-dispersed writings, which his own country is only now beginning to hope for from himself.

As readers are already aware, THACKERAY's appearance in the States on a lecturing expedition not yet terminated was the signal for a rush on the part of American "detective" publishers to old sets of English magazines, and the sudden emergence, in volume after volume, of a whole world of his juvenile essays, sketches, and tales, not "revised and corrected by the author." When some one said of MIRABEAU that he was "paid, but not sold," the unfortunate RIVAROL complained that his was the opposite predicament of being "sold, not paid;" and the English wit in America was not only so situated with regard to these hasty and early performances, reproduced by the American pirates, but he found to his dismay that, among the pieces thus resuscitated, was Mr. YELLOWPLUSH's famous satirical sketch of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., long ago repented of by its author. Accordingly, in a graceful and manly preface to a volume of *Selections from Punch*, just made by himself for American circulation, THACKERAY has made the *amende honorable* to that "eminent writer"—who, by the way, has been elected without opposition President of the Associated Debating Societies of Edinburgh University; his politico-theological Grace of ARGYLE handsomely withdrawing from, or refusing to enter, the lists against so illustrious a baronet! THACKERAY confesses that he had seen the eminent baronet but once in public, when he caricatured him in that atrocious fashion; and the penitence of the author of *Vanity Fair* should be at once a warning and a model to all hasty writers of ill-natured things! Thus, Mr. GRAVE owes an apology to WHIFFLE, the small Transatlantic essayist and orator. "The last number of the *Westminster*," said Mr. GRAVE in a recent paper, "had actually in it articles from two Yankees; one of them on DANIEL WEBSTER, by a person of the name of WHIFFLE, who, instead of being thankful that he was printed at all, is complaining that his precious lucubration was altered and abridged." WHIFFLE, though an American, is still a man and a brother; nay more, he is a contributor; nor would it become the present writer to exalt the editorial prerogative at the expense of his own order. The "alterations" in question went, it would seem, to make WHIFFLE say what he did not believe—in fact, to Parkerise his estimate of WEBSTER; THEODORE PARKER, the extremely advanced Socinian of New England, being the writer of the article on the Mormons in the same number of the same review. The Parkerisation of WHIFFLE has given rise to a controversy in the New York papers; and one of them has broached the dangerous doctrine that when an "article" has been furnished by a contributor, he has no further control over it, and it may be altered in any way to suit the editorial views. Shall not a man do what he likes with his own? A most dangerous doctrine, subversive of all contributory rights, and

against which one's "order" should make a decided stand! While on the subject of the *Westminster Review*, let Mr. GRAVE add that the promised paper on THACKERAY, by Mr. HANNAY, the annotator of the promised edition of the lectures, is to appear in the next number of that publication; and that Mr. CORNEWALL LEWIS is to receive, it is said, a thousand a year for his editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*. If the last number of the *Edinburgh* is to be taken as a specimen of his editorial powers, Mr. LEWIS would seem to be a dear acquisition at no salary at all. However, *de gustibus*, &c. is an old proverb, and always safely applicable to the arrangements of Paternoster-row!

The right relation of editor to contributor, of publisher to author, is a difficult thing to satisfactorily adjust; and the whole question is indeed an item in that great controversy between employer and employed, between capital and labour, which will seemingly end only with the Millennium. Apparently, the Millennium is a long way off yet; but, in default of that welcome phenomenon, it is pleasing (from Mr. GRAVE's point of view) to see that "a British jury," in deciding literary lawsuits, generally lean to the side of the contributor rather than to that of the editor, to the author rather than to the publisher—in fact, to the weaker party. The merits of the latest literary lawsuit—that, the other day, between PARKER in the Strand and the Rev. Mr. METCALF—were so obvious that it required no compassion on the part of the jury to stop the judge in his summing up, and give an immediate verdict for the literary man. PARKER in the Strand had engaged the plaintiff, a respectable and accomplished clergyman, to translate, for the very small sum of 200*l.*, BAEHR's long-winded *History of Roman Literature*. The translation was made and forwarded to PARKER, who like many another publisher, found the speculation not a likely one; but who, like few other publishers, after keeping the MS. for eighteen months, at last refused the poor 200*l.* on the audacious plea that the translation was a bad one—a plea which broke down most miserably in court. This PARKER is a person who seeks to indoctrinate the public in something called "Christian Socialism," and sets up for a social Meeceas by giving "literary soirées" which an occasional author of repute is persuaded into attending! What a pity that PARKER should not first teach himself a little common honesty, and pay his just debts to authors in his employment, before he makes a present of tea to authors not in his employment. No wonder, with such publishers as PARKER in the Strand, that the literary emigration keeps proceeding from Milton-street to Australia, whence you hear that R. H. HORNE, the high-flying author of *Orion*, is spiritedly conducting a military escort of gold, and that the climate does not agree with WILLIAM HOWITT. The latest literary emigrant to the diggings is Mr. EBENEZER SYME, hitherto an active sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and the contributor to it of the summaries of English and American literature.

Among recent literary deaths, the most prominent are those of Mr. SOUTHERN, our late Minister in Brazil, and the Rev. T. KERCHER ARNOLD, the Rector of Lyndon. Mr. SOUTHERN was once well known in London periodical literature, most notably as the joint editor, with Dr. BOWRING, of the *Westminster Review*, when first founded by JEREMY BENTHAM. In earlier and better times, the present Earl of CLARENDON patronised literary people of rather more mark and likelihood than is BIRCH, the infamous "man of the World," and he took SOUTHERN out to Spain with him, as Secretary to the Embassy, of which himself, then Mr. VILLIERS, was the chief. Mr. ARNOLD was everywhere known in scholastic and educational circles as the editor of a long and most successful series of school-books; and just before he died he had brought out a defence of those publications against a calumnious attack which appeared in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*. What the animus of the article in *Fraser* was will sufficiently appear from mention of the two facts—first, that PARKER, the proprietor, and, it is said, the editor of *Fraser*, is himself an extensive publisher of (very bad) school-books; and secondly, that the article was reprinted by PARKER, and by him privately and gratuitously circulated among all the schoolmasters in England. The former conductors of and contributors to *Fraser*, the MAGINNS, CHURCHILLS, and THACKERAYS, were often rash and splenetic in their assaults; but these had at least for their motive some political or literary disgust; and it was reserved for PARKER in the Strand to convert a once clever and lively magazine into a dull vehicle for expressing the baffled commercial piques of an unscrupulous publisher. The badness and dearness of English school-books is indeed a matter worthy of considerable attention; and, although a taint of jobbery may occasionally affect the origin of the educational works published by the Irish Commissioners, the question is still far from decided as to the share which it behoves the State to take in providing the little children of its subjects not only with school-houses and schoolmasters, but with school-books also.

The report of the President of the Queen's College, Galway (conducted not upon the "secular," but upon the "mixed" principle), confirms the remark once dropped by Mr. GRAVE—that it is useless, in dealing with the Education Question, to pay any attention to

the wishes or feelings of ordinary Papists. In that well-intentioned institution more than one Papist of character, accomplishment, and probity had been appointed to high official posts; but in every case resignation has been forced upon him by the priests; and it would appear that in America the same mischievous influence is at work to disturb the harmony of the system of common schools. Meanwhile the LORD ADVOCATE'S Bill has been printed for the abolition of affirmative tests in the case of professors appointed to purely secular chairs in the Scottish Universities: a negative test (which Mr. GRAVE some time ago pointed out as the true present solution of the question) having been very properly retained; according to which the professor is not to introduce into his prelections any attack upon the doctrines or discipline of the Church of Scotland as by law established. The students of Glasgow University have had a meeting, and, after discussion, have resolved to petition Parliament in favour of the Bill, while the Established Presbytery of Edinburgh has come to a precisely opposite conclusion. The latter body, in forming its decision, went much upon the "Act of Union." May Mr. GRAVE be once more permitted to ask whether it is in accordance with the "Act of Union" that the Bishops of the Scotch-Catholic Church are recognised in official documents as the *bona fide* holders of territorial titles?

"Decline and Fall" would seem to be the most appropriate title for any chronicle of the career of contemporary Literary Institutions. The annual report of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution shows a debt due to the Treasurer of a sum between two and three thousand pounds; and rumours are rife of the approaching death of a noted metropolitan institution which was founded and has been conducted (unfortunately) on principles of the purest democracy. The associative principle, in connection with a purely democratic form of government, has been tried extensively in the case of Mechanics' Institutions, and everywhere has failed or is failing. All the more absurd, mischievous, and reprehensible, therefore, are the remarks of the *Athenæum* on the programme of a new Literary Institution and Club proposed to be founded on a proprietary basis in the classic precincts of Camden Town; the *Athenæum* blaming its "constitution" as "too aristocratic and conservative"—the very last charge which a close observer of the workings of these establishments would bring against the "constitution" of any Literary Institute in these days. Let the *Athenæum* itself try a twelvemonth's working of the democratic principle—with quarterly meetings of subscribers, an elective committee of management, an elective editor and sub-editor, elective contributors, &c. &c.! And yet, as the vulgar adage says, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

In spite of ALEXANDER'S love for HOMER, CÆSAR'S swimming the Nile with his Commentaries, NAPOLEON'S habit of miscellaneous reading, and the Duke of WELLINGTON'S admiration of *Anastasis*—Captain SWORD and Captain PEN (especially since recent occurrences in a neighbouring country) have been generally considered to be "natural enemies." The more welcome, then, is such a phenomenon as the amateur theatricals of the officers stationed at Manchester for the benefit of the Literary Fund. From the same quarter come good news for Dr. PHILLIPS, graduate of the University of Göttingen, and literary gentleman to the *Times* newspaper, who was so delighted that certain "Dukes, Earls, and Barons" had condescended to lecture from the platforms of Mechanics' Institutions. What does the Doctor say to a real Earl translating scraps about NAPOLEON'S childhood from a German tourist in Corsica, a contributor to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and then publishing them in the columns of a Lancashire newspaper? The Earl is my Lord ELLESMERE, the tourist is one GREGOROVIVUS, and the paper is the *Manchester Guardian*:—condescending Earl! favoured newspaper! happy, happy Doctor! This Earl with a princely fortune has done little or nothing to encourage English literature, but is himself a most determined scribbler; having begun his career by murdering GOETHE'S *Faust* (probably the bits from GREGOROVIVUS are a sort of puff preliminary to a translation of the whole work), and having now on the anvil a translation of JULES MAUREL'S essay on the Duke of Wellington, and an "original" work, *The Eighteenth of November, 1852, with notes and woodcuts*. Let the Doctor pour forth his enthusiastic welcomes in the Leading Journal of Europe; while Mr. GRAVE murmurs in his sequestered corner: *Non equidem invidio; miror magis!*

More editions of SHAKSPEARE! From Mr. COLLIER with the new emendations, from CHARLES KNIGHT without them, from the industrious DYCE and the unresting HALLIWELL. *The Deluge*, by my Lord MAIDSTONE (a shrewd man than he is thought to be) has come to a second edition; and his Lordship promises an *Ararat*, by way of resting-place and sequel! Another Lord and another Commoner, dear to Mr. PUNCH, GEORGE JONES and Lord WILLIAM LENOX, have reappeared in the literary world,—the former as a lecturer on Shakspeare, under the designation of the "Chevalier Count Jones," the latter semi-anonymously (and with a salute from Mr. Examiner as the author of *The Memoirs of an ex-Aide-de-Camp*). If you will go on this April-Fool's-day to Mr. L. A. LEWIS'S Auction-rooms in Fleet-street, you may bid

for the purchase of no less than 118 copies of his Lordship's fiction of Percy Hamilton, to be had, no doubt, at a tremendous sacrifice: what an opportunity! Of other fiction there is little in the wind, save a series of tales illustrative of the City Companies, from a female and an ingenious pen. But of other poetry, there is announceable a posthumous volume by EDWARD QUILLINAN, the son-in-law of WORDSWORTH; an instalment of an English version of CAMOENS' *Lusiad*, by the same; PATRICK SCOTT'S *Thomas à Beckett*; and a cheap reprint of LOCKHART'S spirited *Ancient Spanish Ballads*.

The great English civil war of the seventeenth century, and its cognate epochs, keep sending out biographies and correspondences, although one does not promise oneself much from them after the disappointment in the case of the Fairfax Letters. "The Right Hon. GEORGE BANKES" is to edit *The Story of Corfe Castle and of Persons who have lived there, including the Private Memoirs of a Family in the time of the Civil Wars*; Mr. BRUCE, the treasurer of the Camden Society, undertakes the same task for *The Verney Papers, a Selection from the Correspondence of the Verney Family during the Reign of Charles I. to the year 1689*; and the Rev. T. T. LEWIS has in hand *The Correspondence of Lady Brilliana Hardy during the Civil Wars*. In the history of older religious strife, Dr. D'AUBIGNE promises a new volume, *The Reformation in England*; and there is to be a *Life and Times of Savonarola*, by Mr. R. R. MADDEN, and a translation of FELICE'S *History of the Protestants of France*; and a *Church History in England*, by Mr. MARTINEAU, late of Cambridge; and a *History of Latin Christianity from the Fifth Century down to the Reformation*, from the estimable pen of Dean MILMAN, not yet made a bishop.

Another instalment of MACAULAY'S History is once more positively promised "on the best authority;" let those believe who choose! And the right honourable gentleman is to contribute an article on "Atterbury" to the new edition of *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, for which are destined papers on *Æschylus*, by Professor BLACKIE, and on ADDISON, by Professor SPALDING. Nor shall admirers of POPE be kept longer in suspense, and really there seems some chance of his *Works, Prose and Verse, including his Correspondence, now first published, with Edward Earl of Oxford*, &c., to be "edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, assisted by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.," the latter gentleman promising, single-handed, a new edition, "most carefully revised and annotated," of JOHNSON'S *Lives of the English Poets*. A flood of books on India menaces honourable gentlemen: let mention be made among them all of *A History of the Administration of the East-India Company*, by the impartial and spirited chronicler of the disasters in Afghanistan, Mr. JOHN W. KAYE. The "Eastern Question" growing livelier gives a present interest to the great and small members of the Slavonian race; and therefore Count VALERIAN KRASINSKI opportunely furnishes *Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey*, and the English translation of RANKE'S *History of Serbia* professes to appear in a "second edition!"

There has been a deputation to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, seeking to persuade that susceptible personage into a repeal of the Advertisement Duty; and the Right Honourable Gentleman, like the Noble Earl lately at the head of Her Majesty's Government, spoke of, at least, a reduction of it. And with respect to the prosecution of TRUETOLOVE for selling an unstamped newspaper, there has been a general feeling that the publisher or proprietor of such a print, and not the poor vendor, is the proper person for the Crown officers to hale before the judgment-seat. And next fortnight MILNER GINSON will bring before the Honourable House his annual motion for the Repeal of the so-called Taxes on Knowledge, and repeat the stock platitudes of his cause. And a just, able, and temperate article in the *Athenæum* has victoriously disposed of the statement that literary periodicals like the present one are amenable to the charge of breaking the law as it stands. *O si sic omnia!*

The present year has not been very prolific of new periodicals, to the list of which has now been added the *Educational Expositor*, a monthly journal, of which the title sufficiently indicates the aim—that of presenting a summary of educational news and speculation, and which it is to be hoped will not dwindle into a mere medium for advertising the school-books of its publisher. The *Field*, a journal devoted to moving accidents by flood and field, began, at the commencement of the year, to supply a long-felt want in the journalism of athletic sports—that of a respectable, tasteful, and manly record of such matters. The *Field* is now about to enlarge its size in consequence of a deserved success. At the beginning of the present year also was started the *Civil Service Gazette*, which proves more and more to be the insufficient execution of a very feasible and useful design—that of representing the vast, important, and influential constituency which is formed in all quarters of the globe by the Civil Servants of the British Crown. Mr. GRAVE has to express a painful fear that it may soon be necessary for some more competent person or persons to carry out the excellent idea so inadequately embodied in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

FRANK GRAVE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Sights and Sounds; the Mystery of the Day: comprising an entire History of the American "Spirit" Manifestations. By HENRY SPICER, Esq.

HERE comes a "manifestation," bound in blue and gold, of the love of the marvellous, credulity, and superstition, which is so curiously mixed up with the ruling passion for dollars and cents, which forms what we may call the substratum of our Transatlantic neighbours.

Mr. SPICER is a bold man. He has given our sober English public the history of the spirit-rappers, and that revelation of hard knocks and "table-tippings" which they proclaim to be their intercourse with the spiritual world. Much irrelevant matter, some apocryphal prophecies, and a choice variety of ghost-stories, are included in the volume. First comes a *réchauffée* of some choice bits from Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, with a reference to the well-known case of Angelique Cottin, whom Mr. Spicer claims for one of the "rapping" fraternity, and, after a glance at some imperfect rapping manifestations in England, which appear not to have reached their full development ("burked in the bud" by the police), he introduces us to the American media (that is the fashionable term for them) in succession. Incidents so marvellous we never heard or read of. Our organ of wonder has not been so excited since that rather remote era of our lives when we read (and believed in) *Gulliver's Travels*, or the goblins and fairies of the renowned brothers Grimm. All we complain of is Mr. Spicer's provoking habit of generalising, and omitting to supply us with full particulars of his astounding narrations. What can be more tantalising to our appetite for the marvellous than such a paragraph, for instance, as the following?—

Manifestations multiplied. Media sprang up like mushrooms. Here was a man, a staid, intelligent citizen, who had learned from a spirit a secret which he had imagined was confined to his own breast. Here another, no less grave and accredited, who had sat by and witnessed a *pas de deux* by one of the heaviest dining-tables in New York. Another, who had received a revelation in reference to medical science which could not fail to incalculably benefit mankind. [Why shouldn't Mr. Celsus Tertius of THE CRITIC, and its readers generally, have the benefit of the prescription?] Another, who had enjoyed a highly cheering and satisfactory conference with his departed grandmother, the details of which, however, he was unable, for family reasons, to disclose.

Now we should like to have heard that dialogue. It is not often a man is so partial to the company and conversation of his grandmother as to summon her from the "shades below" to commune with him; but we would not be sceptical in a trifle, so pass on. Far greater wonders are at hand. So universal are the "knockings," that the number of media is said by our author to amount to 30,000, the city of Philadelphia alone containing 300 circles, holding regular meetings, and constantly receiving spiritual communications! During the sitting of a "magnetic circle" at the house of a gentleman in Manchester, we are informed that the medium, a Mr. David or Daniel Hume, also a "powerful clairvoyant," was lifted into the air, and there suspended by invisible agency for the space of two or three minutes, without touching anything or anybody present! Even ocular demonstration would hardly convince us of the possibility of such an infraction of the known laws of nature. To record these extraordinary, and, as they appear to us, altogether improbable events, two newspapers, called the *Spiritual Telegraph* and the *Spirit Messenger*, have been established, to which we are gravely told the departed spirits of divers celebrated poets, Southey, Edgar Poe, Coleridge, Shelley, and others, have, through inspired media, given characteristic contributions! What will our poetic brethren of the quill say when they learn that these eminent deceased, still addicted in another world to the *cacœthes scribendi*, are likely to compete for the bays with them in this? Will they (Southey, Shelley, and Co.) transmit MSS. of spiritual origin to the (unmistakably) mundane sphere of Paternoster-row, or only favour the *Spiritual Telegraphs* and *Angelic*

Messengers above mentioned? It is to allay the apprehensions that may be felt of the consequences of so formidable a rivalry, that we extract the following *morceau*, purporting to be communicated by the spirit of Coleridge:—

There is no doubt that there exist such voices;
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it be risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Poor Coleridge! We presume the departed spirit of the American poet was more judicious in the choice of a "medium," as he fares decidedly better than the English bard. There is also a lengthy effusion, said to be composed and written in the marvellously short space of fifteen minutes, the copy being in person corrected by an anonymous spirit who dictated the poem. Communications in prose are no less abundant; Franklin, Calvin, Washington, Jefferson, &c. being the reputed authors. That of the last-named personage bears, we think, in style and date, palpable signs of having been written in aid of the "democratic ticket;" the concluding paragraph being as follows:—

The Union, as it is, is worth preserving, and I pray my countrymen will not destroy it, for as sure as they do, civil war and carnage will assuredly follow. Better permit one evil than destroy all that is good. From this fire of liberty the sparks of freedom are flying across the waters, and have already kindled fires beyond the seas. These will burn wherever the winds of thought and education blow, until tyranny, bigotry, superstition, and all the curses which afflict man, are consumed.

4th July, 1851.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Cannot some indefatigable abolition society get up a rival testimony to the above? But not to exhaust Mr. Spicer's most promising crop of marvels at once, and mindful of our duty to discuss the pros and cons of their origin, we revert to the earlier "manifestations." All the world knows that the "rappings" were first heard at a house in the village of Hydesville, Wayne county, New York, and that a Mrs. Fox and her daughters, who occupied it, interrogated the sounds, which they professed to discover were made by the spirit of a man who was buried under the building; though it is worthy of remark that when search was made, no human remains were found. From thence they went to New York, the "rappings" accompanying them there as to other places, and great numbers of persons assembling to hear them, and converse, as they believed, with the spirits of their departed friends. Every one knows, too, that in this stage of the matter a distant relative of the family, Mrs. Norman Culver, declared that a younger daughter of Mrs. Fox's confessed to her that they made the noises themselves by means of their toes, and even their ancles, discovering whether they were correct or not in their replies by the countenances of their interrogators. Of course the confession was strenuously denied.

"It is distressing," says the unsuspecting Mr. Spicer, "to be compelled to arbitrate between two ladies of station and character on a simple question, who has fished? But some decision must be arrived at, and I give it at once as mine that Mrs. Culver's statement was in the main true; Catherine Fox's, on which it was founded, in the main false. And that the latter young lady, mistrusting, as was most natural, her importunate connexion, and assured of nothing beyond her hostility, threw out false lights with the view of misleading, and casting deserved ridicule upon a treacherous enemy."

Why have they "thrown out any lights" at all, or assigned any other cause for the phenomena than the one previously given? Mr. Spicer must pardon us for taking an opposite view of the matter; but it seems to us a most improbable circumstance that any sane or sensible persons should deliberately declare themselves guilty of an imposture, if innocent, and above all, make the acknowledgment to one whom they knew to be their enemy, and therefore likely to make a bad use of their confidence. Mrs. Culver may have been malicious, but it is certain that Miss Fox did not adhere to the truth, let us look at the matter in whatever light we will,—since, if Mr. Spicer's opinion be correct, she fabricated the confession,—if ours, she and her family fabricated the

story of the supernatural origin of the "rappings." Here we leave the two ladies, and our readers also, to judge for themselves how far the testimony of such parties is to be implicitly relied upon, when they assert things altogether different to our ordinary experience. It is also worthy of remark, that the "media," with few exceptions, belong to the weaker and more impressible sex, are often very young, and those of whom the greatest marvels are related persons who have been frequently mesmerised. Foremost among the latter is a Mrs. Bushnell, whom our author states to be, like Mr. Hume, a noted clairvoyant, and whose spiritual experiences he describes to be of the most extraordinary kind. We extract Mr. Spicer's account of a "magnetic circle" presided over by this lady, and to make it intelligible, give the description of the *modus operandi*. "An affirmative," says our author, "is conveyed by a single rap, though perhaps emphasised by more; a negative, by silence. Five raps are understood to be a demand for the alphabet, and that may be called over *vivâ voce*, or else in a printed form laid upon the table, round which the medium and party assembled are sitting, when, the finger or pencil being slowly passed over it, raps are heard on arriving at the required letter. The querist then recommences, until words and sentences are spelled out, upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which depends the amount of faith popularly accorded to these manifestations." It was on the 17th of October, 1850, we are told, that a party, numbering many members of the faculty, assembled to observe and report the phenomena. A Mr. Goodin began conversation in the usual way, by asking,

"Is there a spirit present who will communicate with me?"—Rap (yes.)

"Can I know what the spirit answers?"—Rap.

The alphabet was called, and the "spirit" announced itself as the child of the questioner, and requested him to be patient, and not to fret; which expression was understood to have reference to the fact of Mr. Goodin's having reflected on himself for some supposed mistaken medical treatment of the deceased child.

After some further questions and replies of a private character, it arrived at Mr. Wattle's turn to interrogate. He inquired,—

"Is there a spirit present who will communicate with me?"—Rap.

"Do I know the person?"—Rap.

"Will you spell the name?"—Silence (no.)

"Will you give the initials?"—Rap. The alphabet was called over, and W. W. was indicated.

"Is it my brother?"—Rap.

"Do you intend that I should understand that my brother is dead?"—Rap.

"Did he die in California?"—Silence.

"Near California?"—Silence.

"Were you well cared for?"—Rap.

"Of what disorder did you die?"—The alphabet was called, and the word "diarrhoea" spelled.

"When shall I hear of this in the usual course?"—Silence.

"Within one year?"—Rap.

"Six months?"—Silence.

A number of replies, wholly unintelligible except to the querist for the time being, were returned, the effect of which can only be judged of by his answering to some one who asked "Is there any meaning to this?"—"Meaning indeed to me!"

Whether the questioner's brother died, or returned alive from California, Mr. Spicer does not seem able to inform us, and on that depends the value of the communication. At the next spiritual conference presided over by Mrs. Bushnell, we are informed that the arm of a lady present was suddenly drawn back by the spirit of a gentleman formerly known to the company, and that the said spirit, on being questioned, tacitly acknowledged the fact, by releasing the lady's arm again! What credit can we attach to such extraordinary tales, related too on the evidence of others, since the author himself was not present at this novel "manifestation?" He appears indeed not to have witnessed more than a few of the numerous cases he records, and was by no means lucky in getting "manifestations" on these occasions. But the spirits, we are told, are not always propitious; they are sometimes prone to sulk and be silent like ordinary mortals, while their testimony cannot always be implicitly

relied upon (what a burlesque on our ideas of the spiritual world!) Even our author, despite his firm faith in, and reverence for, the supernatural, can narrate with some humour the incidents of a "magnetic séance," more amusing than edifying, which we extract.

The medium at length inclined her head as though saying grace, and inquired if the spirits intended to be present. No reply. Another pause succeeded, and the pretty medium, as if to beguile the moments until something of greater interest should occur, commenced a narration of her first intercourse with the spirits. How that, years before, light taps at the head of her bed apprised her that she was henceforth to be a favoured recipient of spiritual communications; how that she was first astonished, then alarmed, then interested, then delighted; how that, when alone, she received communications almost at pleasure; and how, having thus grown familiar with her impalpable visitants, she, with true American sagacity, directed that excellent understanding to useful practical purposes, by making them perform those duties commonly assigned to an alarm-clock or a memorandum-book. As, for example, if she wished to awake, say at five o'clock in the morning, she had only—Rap.

"Who is it?"—No reply.

"What do you wish?" Alphabet. The medium herself directed the pencil. All, however, could see and hear that the word spelled out was *sing*.

"Does any lady or gentleman sing?" inquired the medium, looking anxiously round. Nobody answered, but I observed the eyes of several of the party at once directed towards a little nervous man, who merely fidgetted and looked as if he wished he had left his voice at home.

Alphabet again, and the peremptory spirits repeated—*sing*. Indignant glances were now freely levelled at the little man, as though to imply that he alone constituted a barrier between two worlds, and, under the peculiar circumstances, the feelings of the material portion of the company were not to be toyed with; in fact, that he ought to be ashamed of himself. A song. The little man, who seemed fully conscious of his growing unpopularity, cleared his throat with a hem of despair.

"What will the gentleman favour us with?" softly said the medium. The little man simpered, "He knew but one melody; it was a very—a—in short—it might seem a—"

"Yes?"—"Ole D—Dan T—Tucker," hesitated the vocalist.

"I fear that will not do, sir," said the pretty medium, with a slight smile. "It should be something of a nature to harmonise with the objects of our meeting; something more in character with those with whom we wish especially to communicate."

The little man had probably formed no precise idea who and what these parties were, for he grinned nervously, and made no reply.

"Perhaps," suggested a gentleman, bowing across the table towards the unmedial lady of my acquaintance; "perhaps Mrs. L. would recite—say 'The Ship on Fire'?" Mrs. L. gracefully but emphatically declined. What was to be done? Time was passing; the sounds had ceased; perhaps, after all, we might have no manifestations, and all because nobody would sing! That little man is a humbug! How comes he here at all? Who asked him? Has he paid? Return his money by subscription, and request him to retire to—! Hush! the medium herself will sing. And sing she did, very sweetly and pleasingly (Ada was her name—she is since married), accompanying herself on a piano. * * * A few verses sufficed to establish a harmonious understanding with the spirits, for numerous plausible raps succeeded the song, and as the medium resumed her seat at the table looks of congratulation were exchanged among us, as though the most desirable results might now be confidently expected. The bard of "Dan Tucker" recovered his composure. A gentleman who wore earrings, and exhibited indubitable evidences of a philosophic disregard for soap, took from his pocket a long paper, bearing very much the aspect of a tailor's bill of considerable standing, and smoothed it out carefully before him; it was a half-sheet of foolscap, doubled down lengthways. Meanwhile the sounds recurred at intervals.

"Are many spirits present?" asked the medium.—Numerous faint raps replied.

"Are they the same who were present at the last meeting?"—Silence.

"Will they come to-day?"—Rap.

"Why are they not here now?"—"Engaged elsewhere," was the succinct and reasonable but vague reply.

"Will you go and bring them?"—Silence.

"Will you please be so kind as go and bring them?" (The polite style of address generally answers better than the brusque)—Rap!

"When?"—"In ten minutes."

At this early stage of the conversation a distressing interruption occurred. A strange lady who was seated next to me on the right, and appeared to be under the charge of the gentleman in ear-rings, burst into a violent flood of tears, sobbing convulsively as though in the bitterest grief. As it seemed impossible to administer any greater consolation than what might be derived from a glass of cold water, this was duly

exhibited, and the man in earrings, who, from his indifference, was probably her husband, wound up the cure by saying in a sepulchral tone,—

"Compose yourself!"

The patient did so, with a degree of alacrity that engendered a passing feeling of surprise that she had not done it before, and then proceeded to apologise, in a sort of desultory speech, for the disturbance she had created.

"Her nerves," she remarked, "was never so strong as could be wished. Ladies and gents would be so good as remember the peculiar nature of this sittings. We wasn't (with a glance at the author) all of steel. She had lately had the misfortune to lose her god-mother. Tea was not injurious if took in moderation, which," continued the poor lady with a touching confidence that acted as a timely check on any disposition to smile conjured up by the elliptical form of her address, "which I've never been in such a solemn situation before."

In spite of a poke in the ribs from my left-hand neighbour (who ought to have known better), as the unfortunate relative pronoun declared itself, I flatter myself I preserved a demeanour not ill adapted to the exigencies of the scene, and in a minute or two business was recommenced by the medium addressing some question to her spiritual allies. This was responded to in a manner new to me. The character of the rappings suddenly changed; the strokes increased immensely in tone and volume, and now, instead of resembling pecks, sounded as though some one struck the table with his knuckles, drumming a sort of military quick step. Those of the party most familiarised with such assemblies listened without evincing surprise; and the medium quietly remarked, "Ah, the colonel! There's no mistaking his rap. He always comes marching."

"What colonel?" asked somebody.

"Colonel Fiske. Now we shall get answers enough!" said the medium, laughing archly.

And as the lively march continued, the whole circle brightened with eager expectation. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes! The cartridge proved blank. The colonel, despite the pompous and flourishing manner of his approach—that colonel from whose dashing gallantry and frank military bearing so much was evidently expected—broke down at the very first onset. Baffled by a question which a mere terrestrial schoolboy could have answered, so complete was the colonel's defeat, that, like a lion whose spring has failed, he grew sulky and at once succumbed; nor could the united arguments of the medium and the individual who had been his interlocutor prevail to stay him.

Now, as we have quoted, to use our author's expression, both "success and failure in eliciting these phenomena," we conceive we have acted (as we would wish to do) with perfect fairness by him. And with a candour that does him credit, he admits that there may be "humbug, but not unmitigated," in these demonstrations. But we are very far from sharing his belief that they are owing to any supernatural agency; on the contrary, when genuine, we believe they are the morbid effects of disease. Three parts of the so-called "spirit manifestations" appear to us to be sheer imposture, and the causes of the remainder we think medical science will eventually elucidate. To call in the aid of the supernatural is the easiest mode of accounting for any new or unexplained phenomena. The man who could, by the mere influence of his will, deprive another of all bodily sensation would, in the olden time, have been convicted of intercourse with the prince of darkness. We read a little pamphlet on mesmerism the other day, written by some ignorant individual, who actually hinted, "not darkly," that such was the case. Of all branches of knowledge, that which may be called the science of the mind, the various perplexing and extraordinary phenomena of sleep, trance, somnambulism, mesmerism, and the many different forms of insanity, are the least understood. When we know not, as yet, the nature of the principle of life itself, and the *modus operandi* of the mind in its normal state, we assuredly cannot expect to comprehend at once what may be the variety of diseased and morbid conditions it may be liable to or susceptible of. To us one of the most noticeable things in Mr. Spicer's book is a certain brief paragraph, in which he admits that all the media do not coincide in their leanings towards the supernatural, and that a medium of celebrity, a Mr. Cooley, of Springfield, declares his belief that the phenomena are of human origin. An American physician, Dr. Richmond, has also promulgated a theory on the subject, inserted by Mr. Spicer at the end of his volume.

We fairly put it to the intelligent reader whether it is not much more sane and rational to believe the rapping phenomena are the result of a diseased magnetic condition of the brain than to credit

the statement of the Foxes and other media, that they are the commencement of a new era, when spirits clothed in flesh are to be more closely and palpably connected with those who have put on immortality? Where, we ask, is there any foundation in Scripture or common-sense for such a belief? We find no ground for it even in the so-called spiritual communications themselves. They contain little enough respecting that spiritual sphere from which they are so confidently said to emanate, and even that little bears too suspicious a resemblance to the ideas which most of us have formed when speculating on the subject, to be considered either original or bearing any remarkable proof of a celestial origin. But, whatever doubt there may be about the cause, there is unhappily none respecting the effects produced by the exhibition of the rapping phenomena. They are mischievous and pernicious in the highest degree. We hold in our hand a number of the *New York Literary World*, in which is detailed the suicide of an unfortunate man, proved in the evidence given on the inquest to have been caused by the delusions thus engendered.

HISTORY.

Researches into the History of the Roman Constitution; with an Appendix upon the Roman Knights. By W. IHNE, Ph. D. London: William Pickering. 1853.

It is very doubtful whether the "Reconstruction of the History of Rome" will receive much assistance from this essay, unless upon the principle of elucidating darkness by obscurity, to make it more visible. In proportion as German writers have constructed new historical theories, doubts have multiplied and disputes have arisen; and this must inevitably be the case when new hypotheses are unsupported by facts, or in some degree reconcilable with the legends and traditions which have hitherto supplied the place of genuine history. But, as this sketch is only the *avant courier* to a more comprehensive history of the Roman Constitution, it would be premature to conclude that no additional light will be thrown upon this important subject.

The author rejects the theory of Niebuhr, that the Roman state consisted originally of *Patricians* and *Clients* only, the *Plebs* not being admitted until the time of Ancus. He takes for a starting-point that the Roman state arose by conquest, and recognises in the original clients the conquered aboriginal inhabitants of the Roman territory. He assumes, we think upon insufficient grounds, that the Sabines were the conquerors.

Roman history properly begins with the appearance of a new race in Latium, the Sabine Quirites, who advanced along the Tiber from Cures. Of an earlier time we know barely this, that there was a place Rome—the old Roma Quadrata upon the Palatine; but of a historical tradition of this time there can be as little question as of a history of Alba. With the appearance of the Sabines first begins a sort of history of Rome, and even then only in mythical form. The conquest of the Capitol is the first authentic fact; and this, properly understood, throws some light on the beginning of the city. For it will be established that the Sabine Quirites were not received into the Roman state by a treaty, but that as conquerors they formed the state. We ought not to be diverted from this, because by such a supposition we have the testimony of historians jointly and severally against us. Their evidence on this point is valid for those only who share their false patriotism; whoever is free from this must suspect their flattering narratives from the first. We will not, however, establish our proposition by merely discrediting the opposite, but we will endeavour to support it on evidence as distinct and clear as can be looked for in this early period. The oldest Roman people was an army, and the oldest divisions of the people were military divisions; the spear was the symbol of the divinity which all the Romans honoured as their ancestor; and from the spear (*curia*) they themselves were called Quirites. A spear also, with some emblem, was the oldest standard, and those who ranged themselves about a single standard formed a company. Now, as Manipuli and the German Fahnlein first signified the standard, and then the body of troops united under it, so do I consider *Curia* to denote the body of men belonging to a curia. But the *Curies*, which, according to this, are of Sabine origin, embraced the whole Roman people, that is, the reigning burghers; and the consequence from this is unavoidable, that the Quirites founded the Roman state as conquerors.

The tradition of an asylum is regarded as a pure fiction, and "happily one of such a nature that it can be demonstrated to be so."

The institution of the Asylum was, like the word,

purely Greek. The Romans had neither the name nor until the triumphs the thing.

The thing, in the opinion of the writer, must have been a building. We have hitherto been accustomed to regard Rome itself and its conquered territory as the asylum or place of safety offered in the first instance to all who thought proper to accept the protection of the Roman people. The Asylum, or sacred building, was of later origin, and derived from the Greeks; hence its name. The conquered who remained under the protection of the Roman people were, no doubt, the first Clients. To these might be added such strangers as resorted to the city for safety. Whether the latter enjoyed equal privileges does not appear; but it is probable that both classes came under the denomination of Plebeians. The word "client" implies a personal arrangement, and can hardly be taken as the great national distinction between the conquered and the conquerors. The latter are supposed to have been exclusively Patricians. They became the patrons of such only as sought their protection. The Plebs, as a class, were provided for by the State; and, at a later period, became possessors of land, and had a property qualification.

The author has endeavoured to solve a problem which he regards as the great stumbling-block of every one who takes Livy in hand for the first time, namely, the indebtedness of the Plebeians and the equally inexplicable and revolting usury of the Patricians.

The constant historical connection of agrarian laws with laws of debt shows that we must consider the two in connexion with one another. The fact is this, that the debts of the Plebeians did not arise out of direct loans by the Patricians, but from yearly ground rents, to which, as Clients, they were bound to their patrons.

Although this conjecture is plausible, it does not clear "the puzzle" of the circumstances which are said to have occasioned so much surprise—the everlasting anxiety of the Plebeians to borrow, and the capability and inclination of the Patricians to lend.

Plutarch's account of the formation of the Republic is discredited, as also the assertion that "it was at first expected that the people would choose a single supreme magistrate in the place of the one expelled; but that, out of hatred of the monarchy, they introduced the dyarchy of the consuls;" for "how should Plutarch have heard anything of a plan of that dark time which was never executed?"

It is rather ungenerous to deny Plutarch this little piece of "invention," if it be so, seeing how largely the writer has drawn upon our faith, if we are to receive the whole of his conjectures for historical truths. He supposes, for example, that nothing can be more unlikely than the common theory that the establishment of the consulship took place by a sudden transition, in the very year of the expulsion of the Tarquins. He sneers at the "silly narrative of Dionysius" that "Brutus delivered over Lucretia's corpse—a long speech, wherein he detailed the constitution now to be established in all its details, as if he had carried it about with him for years. This constitution then starts suddenly into life, and proves itself in every respect practicable." And why not? The people had been accustomed to elect their kings; the transition to the election of consuls was easy and natural; and who were so likely to be chosen as Brutus and Collatinus. This is more probable than that ten years passed away in deliberation before the Roman Constitution was perfected, and the first consuls elected. The establishment of the Commonwealth of England required no such interval for deliberation when the Stuarts were expelled, although the transition was from an hereditary monarchy to a republic. The author, indeed, admits that something like a dictator was necessary, and supposes that

Such a chief was found in Brutus. Collatinus also may, during a certain time, have stood in a similar manner at the head of the state party, probably from less pure motives than Brutus, in consequence of which he succumbed to the movement which he, in fact, may have evoked.

What is this but a virtual surrender of the point for which the writer contends?

Taking it for granted that he has decided the difficult question relating to the comitia of the centuries, he attempts another problem of no less difficulty, and affirms that the decision of appeals rested in the comitia of curies, who were exclusively Patricians. He quotes, in support of his opinion, the story of Volero, though he admits

that his opponents have pretended to find a confirmation of their views in the same passage from Livy. The writer has an off-hand way of getting over such difficulties. Whenever tradition clashes with his conjectures, the ancient record is pronounced to be either fabulous or supposititious. He does not hesitate, for example, to strike out a whole clause from the Valerian legislation, as an interpolation, because it does not happen to agree with his hypothesis of the introduction of the Treasurers (*questores æuarii*). As well might we strike out one of the Ten Commandments, or any other text in Scripture, because it does not dovetail with our particular code of morals, or our peculiar views of the scheme of Christian redemption. If history is to be thus tampered with to suit the convenience of every writer, we may as well at once renounce our faith in Xenophon and Plutarch, Livy and Cicero, and class their works among the fictitious fables of our remote ancestors. But before we do this, we should like to have, as a substitute, something more authentic than the unsupported conjectures of modern innovators. In the meantime, we are content to incur the charge of "entertaining a childish belief in the moral purity of the good old times."

The author has reserved for the Appendix his observations on the origin and history of the Roman knights. He starts with the proposition, "That in the earlier period of the Republic, as well as under the Kings, there was no equestrian census, so long at least as there were none but *equites equo populo*, that is, until the last war against Veii." He supports this opinion, by adopting Niebuhr's interpretation of a disputed passage of Polybius. He would have done better if he had shown that an equestrian census was at that time either desirable or necessary. The Roman knights, we are told, were taken from those classes who had the highest census, and were selected from the *juniores*, on the ground of personal fitness. "They re-entered, no doubt," says the author, "after the time of their active service, those classes to which they belonged by their census," and "ceased to be knights." Such being the case, there was no need of a separate census, for each man returned to his rank as heretofore. This will account why the figures for the amount of an equestrian census have not been handed down to us along with those for the five classes preserved, with little variation, by Cicero, Livy, and Dionysius, and will easily explain why, at the first institution of the centuries, no *centurie seniores* should have been formed from the older knights in a similar way as it was done in the five classes of the foot soldiers.

If we accept the assertion that the Roman knights were "selected" in the first instance only on account of their fitness, and that their novel position no way altered their rank and status in the army, it is easy to conceive that the conduct of the knights might gain for them an enviable notoriety, which caused the distinction in time to be coveted by the aristocracy; and that this kind of service subsequently became their exclusive privilege. When thus confined to a class it would admit of a particular census.

The author rejects as poetical and fabulous the description of the battle of the lake Regillus, where the bravery of the knights decided the victory, especially "by their dismounting and fighting on foot." Upon this he infers that the cavalry were inferior to the infantry, as if there were no circumstances of an engagement that could make such a procedure both meritorious and desirable. His arguments appear weak, and ought not to weigh against a tradition which, however "poetically" recorded, has at least probability on its side.

Such descriptions as these are clearly without the least foundation; and granting that they could be relied upon, what shall we say of the merit and strength of a cavalry which must change itself into infantry to restore the fortunes of the day? It is incontestible that the strength of the Roman army lay in the infantry—in the legion—to which, properly speaking, the cavalry did not belong, as it is hardly noticed when the strength of the legion is mentioned.

There might have been little occasion to notice the cavalry if it had already been enumerated in the several classes that composed the legion. With all due deference to the learned writer, we think he is guilty of a palpable *non sequitur* when he says, by way of strengthening his hypothesis, "as the *magister populi*, or dictator—the commander of the legion—was superior to the *magister equitum*—so the infantry were superior to the cavalry."

In a numerical point of view, this superiority perhaps admits of no doubt; but the fact is not in other respects proved by opposing the *dictator* to the *magister equitum*. The office of the former precluded the possibility of a rival. His authority was despotic, and extended alike over all.

The fact that the state bore the expense of purchasing and maintaining the horses of the knights does not prove the poverty of all who were selected for that service, or that some had not a property as well as a personal qualification. The state might deem it prudent not to make any distinction, or to offer to the more wealthy an opportunity of increasing their political power.

The divisions into classes, ascribed to Servius, rested on a valuation of property; in proportion as property enabled a citizen to purchase the complete armour of the heavy or light-armed foot soldier, it assigned to him also a more or less honourable position, and greater or less influence in the popular assemblies. The heavy-armed soldiers, who had to purchase an expensive armour, who stood in the first rank, and bore the brunt of the attack, occupied also the first class in the political divisions of the people, had the greatest number of votes, and the privilege of voting before all others.

It is easy to ask questions, but not always so easy to find pertinent answers. A forward child may puzzle a philosopher. The author is fond of interrogation, and of leaving his opponents to answer the difficulties suggested by his inquiries. But a conquest thus obtained does not establish an opposite theory. It is rather to be looked upon as a symptom of weakness in him who is compelled to have recourse to it.

The essential character of this work is controversial. Its facts are based on hypotheses, and its arguments are chiefly drawn from conjectures. The author's aim every where is to loosen our faith in the authenticity of ancient classical writers. Although we may be prepared to abandon whatever shall appear fabulous in their works, and wish to retain only such portions as modern historians may think proper to approve, yet in getting rid of the old rubbish let us take care not to supply its place with new, or receive as history that which has only probability to recommend it.

The work will be read with interest by the scholar, but it requires far too close attention to be agreeable to the general reader. To such it will probably appear dry as well as unsatisfactory.

An Abridged Statistical History of Scotland, illustrative of its Physical, Industrial, Moral and Social Aspects, and Civil and Religious Institutions, from the most authentic sources, arranged Parochially, with Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive Notices. By JAMES DAWSON, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh: Lizars. London: Higley and Son.

It would be difficult to overrate the value of correct statistics. As the author of the work now on our desk justly remarks in his preface, they "are the best means of proving the truth or falsity of any theory." In all practical matters they are not only the "best," but we might say the only means; for there is many a theory in politics and philanthropy, both fair in appearance and invulnerable to argument, which will not endure for a moment the test of experience. Statistics teach best the salutary truth, that in the great work of civilisation progress and caution must walk hand in hand. And in their more remote bearings, they have a relation to perhaps even a higher philosophy than that which concerns the mere social well-being of the race. They furnish the materials for those averages of human life and human affairs which would seem almost to afford us a glimpse (we speak reverently) into the economy of Divine Providence, as it overrules the seemingly fortuitous events and wayward wills which appear to regulate the history of mundane matters. It is therefore highly desirable, again to quote Mr. Dawson, "that accurate knowledge of our position in an industrial, social, and moral aspect, be attainable by the different classes of society."

The only other modern Statistical History of Scotland of whose existence we have any knowledge is that published by Messrs. Blackwood, the voluminous size and large price of which (very valuable though the work undoubtedly is) must preclude its ever attaining the wide circulation we consider so desirable. Its very magnitude also renders it unsuitable as a book of daily reference—as a book which men of business, or the literary or political student, would wish to

keep on his writing-table ready to be consulted at any moment. Such a work Mr. Dawson justly considers to have been a desideratum in our literature, and he appears to have spared neither labour nor care in the collection and condensation of his materials, while the number and character of his references afford a fair assurance of the general accuracy of his statements. Mr. Dawson's style is terse and perspicuous, and in the descriptive portions of the work graphic in no small degree; while his abundant quotations from the many poets who have celebrated the beauties of his romantic country, show that the study of the obstinate facts and stern realities of science and history is not necessarily disinterested from that which over all other studies can throw a grace and a charm all its own. This work must also prove invaluable as a guide to the tourist in Scotland, whether his object be the study of the moral and political features of the country, its industrial resources, its geological or botanical character, or merely its picturesque attractions or historical or poetical associations; while its comparatively moderate price puts it within the reach of all but the poorest classes of the community. As a specimen of the style, we extract the following gratifying facts from the statistics of crime in the northern portion of our island:—

The number of offenders in Scotland has fallen from 4,488 on the average of five years ending with 1850, to 4,001 in the year 1851. The number of offenders in 1851 was less by 500 than in 1850—less by all but 1000 than in the year 1848—less than it has been in any year since 1845. * * * There is a decrease in every class of crime known to the law. Still more gratifying is the decrease in the number of juvenile offenders. The enormous proportion which these bore to the whole number of criminals was long a reproach to Scotland; but the evil, we are happy to say, seems now to show tokens of abatement. The offenders under sixteen years of age rose from 555 on the average of five years ending with 1840, to 611 on the average of five years ending 1845, and to 638 on the average of five years ending with 1850. But from this last and higher point the number has fallen to 508 in the year 1851—a decrease of more than a sixth part. How much of the diminution may be due to ragged or industrial schools we are unable to say; but whatever influence those excellent institutions exercise in reclaiming the outcasts of our large towns, must serve to thin the numbers of juvenile offenders; and the fact of a large decrease in the number of criminals under sixteen years of age may be received as a proof that the hopes of the benevolent promoters of these schools have not been disappointed.

We conclude with an anecdote illustrative of the enlightened manner in which attempts to introduce improvements in agriculture into Ayrshire, at the time of the Union, were received, not only by the common people, but by those whose education ought to have taught them better.

Aiton relates an instance in which the clergyman of a parish in Ayrshire publicly denounced barn-fanners from the pulpit. They were newly introduced, and the enlightened preacher wound up by a philippic against the innocent objects of his wrath by bestowing upon them the designation of "Deil's Winch." The minister of Kilbirnie, too, used to debar all persons from the sacramental table who winnowed their corn with fanners.

Our last extract will show that this is not merely a book of reference, but contains much readable matter as well as highly important and well-digested information.

The Indian Archipelago: its History and Present State. By HORACE ST. JOHN, Author of "History of the British Conquests in India." London. 1853.

MR. ST. JOHN has collected with zeal and diligence, and revised with uncommon care, this very complete and valuable geographical and historical account of the Indian Archipelago, which he has derived from all the authentic sources of intelligence supplied by travellers, or found in Parliamentary reports and records. He traces the history of the Malays, as narrated by their own authorities, from the mythical through the traditional and recorded facts, down to the period when Europe made acquaintance with them by adventurers from Portugal, who first attempted colonization in this superb group of islands, of the most important of which separate descriptions and histories are given. Of the arrival of Sir James Brooke, and his heroic career—from a merchant adventuring for a trade, to a self-achieved sovereignty—Mr. St. John presents a more graphic and perfect narrative than we have seen elsewhere. The famous or rather infamous piracy of the Archipelago, so much debated in

Parliament and the newspapers, is reviewed in a spirit of calm impartiality; and the very full information gathered as to the pirates, their numbers, their practices, their mode of life, and their characteristics, social, moral, and physical, will be read with eager interest by all who have perused the controversy on the policy of the Governor of Borneo in dealing with these pests of the Indian seas.

The work has been compiled and arranged with practised skill. The author adduces his authority for every statement; and thus a profusion of notes add to the permanent value, if not to the present attractions, of the work. The subject is extremely well arranged—the table of contents is so copious, that there is no difficulty in readily referring to any topic sought. The composition is good, plain, expressive, concise, and yet not curt. It is a valuable, because a permanent, contribution to the topographical library. The following passage will suffice to show the manner of its execution, but can convey no notion of the worth and variety of its contents.

THE PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The economy of this pirate haunt is of the most singular description. Throughout the range of the vast bay there have been constructed a number of ingenious machines or tramways of timber, over which, in case of sudden and hot pursuit, a vessel may be hauled across the slip of land into the interior waters. Strong trees of an elastic wood are driven obliquely into the earth, and their upper ends are securely lashed to others of the same species still left to grow. Thus a V-shaped frame is constructed at an angle of 120°. The end is carried into deep water with a gradual inclination, while the other leads towards the launching-place on the lake. Stripped of their bark, these trees are kept slippery, by the constant and spontaneous exudation of a mucilaginous liquid, which renders them still better adapted to the purpose they are designed to serve. A Lanun vessel hotly pressed makes for one of these escapes. The whole line of the bay being watched by sentinels ensconced in little houses amid the foliage of lofty trees, an alarm is given to the population on the lake. They immediately crowd to the point which their fugitive confederates are expected to make for; the bushes are pushed aside; an opening is cleared; and the Spanish or Dutch cruisers, unless accustomed to these incidents, are startled by seeing the chase press stem on for the land; lift herself by one simultaneous stroke of all the oars, upon the slippery way; fly through the grass, and disappear amid the foliage which closes behind her. A hundred ropes are, with amazing celerity, attached to her sides; a host of men are in an instant yoked to her, and she is without a pause dragged over the spit of land, and triumphantly launched upon the interior waters. Should her pursuers venture near the shore, to investigate the secret of this manœuvre, a storm of round and grape shot salutes them from the batteries of heavy brass guns, masked by this dangerous jungle. The vessels employed by these bold and ingenious marauders in their enterprises of plunder are formidable, not only to the superior craft of the natives, but to European trade. Generally they are built very sharp, wide in the beam, and more than ninety feet in length—long for the breadth, but broad for the depth of the water. A double tier of oars is worked by a hundred rowers, usually slaves, who never fight unless an extremity of danger presses, when every man is called to action. The fighting-men of the free and dominant class amount to thirty or forty, though prahu of the largest size carry from fifty to eighty. For their use there is a raised deck, above a cabin which occupies about three-fifths of the length and two-thirds of the beam. At the bow it is solidly built out to the whole width, and fortified with hard wooden baulks, capable of resisting a six-pounder shot. Here a very narrow embrasure admits of a gun—varying in size from a six to a large twenty-four pounder, generally of brass. In addition to this, the armament consists of numerous lélahs or swivel-pieces, of from one to twenty-four pounds calibre, longer in proportion than other cannon, and bell-mouthed. The smaller sizes are habitually used in native prahu, mounted in solid uprights secured about the bulwarks, and fought by the chiefs themselves. These, immediately on any prospect of battle, attire themselves in scarlet clothes, a colour which distinguishes the Lanun pirates from the honest tribes of the Archipelago. They wear also armour of steel plate or ring chain, or shirts of mail. Personally, they are accoutred with the kris and spear, in addition generally to a huge two-handed sword. They also carry muskets; and the vessel is supplied for close engagements with an abundance of wooden lances hardened at the point by fire.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymers. With Criticism upon his Writings. By JANUARY SEARLE. London: Whittaker and Co. FAMILIAR to our youth was the name of JANUARY SEARLE; but it was then mainly remarkable for

its singularity. If it had any profound meaning, we could not fathom it; but the Christian appellation, according to the rule of reference, which was more evident than the rule of three, turned our recollection to "Crystal Palaces" of ice and trundling snow-balls. Now we estimate the name by its literary excellence, and that is much. January Searle is admirably fitted to discourse on the genius of EBENEZER ELLIOTT. His mind is searching and analytical, and his style of composition, like a perpetual summer, full of melody and lovely colours. Having had many opportunities of sounding the turbulent depths, moral and political, of the Masbrough poet, whom he admired and loved, he has given the result of his investigations with unusual impartiality. We do not think that there is much new light thrown on the character of Elliott's genius; but this is no disparagement to Mr. Searle, for Elliott was a man who wrote, and in the act his entire being was transfused into words—his poems were his blood, heart, and brain. No second man need step forward to prove the individuality of the poet: that is conspicuous in every line of his poems, and the veriest dullard can scarcely miss it. Every thing, however, which relates to his private life,—to his friendships, to his spontaneous emotions and utterances in moments of domestic frankness,—is interesting, and Mr. Searle has added to this interest. Probably the letters at the end of the volume are the surest medium of showing the details of the poet's mind. It is not necessary that we should retrace a biography so well known as that of Ebenezer Elliott. Every one is aware that he was not cradled in the velvet lap of luxury; but that in his unpromising youth he toiled hard with his hands, and equally hard with his brain; for your true genius is oftentimes not unlike a locomotive—slow and sluggish in starting from its gigantic repose, but each advance accelerating its force until it grows fearfully sublime in its strength! In this paper we shall do no more than show the point of view from which we contemplate a poet so well known and appreciated.

Ebenezer Elliott—hard-worded gentle-hearted Elliott—was delighted when his correspondents styled him "C. L. R." (Corn-Law Rhymers), and he had a seal with these initials surmounting his own name, "which he was in the habit of using upon his letters." This little trait of egotism, excusable in one who had denounced the "bread-tax" long ere the Anti-Corn-Law League had shown its brawny limbs and large stature in the fight, is one of those common mistakes incident to uncommon men,—one of those innocent and therefore harmless blunders through which genius miscalculates the true source of poetic power. Look upon Elliott exclusively as the Corn Law Rhymers, and it is impossible not to see that the fierceness of his antagonism, the vehemence of his attacks, while it evidenced the power, served also to obscure the divinity of the poet. Assuredly not in mind, but in the form and attitude of his defiance, Elliott brings to our remembrance the untutored and untamed Indian of the prairie and the forest. Like the startled savage, beautiful in his disdain, unquenchable in his scorn and hate, darting his blows like nimble and powerful lightning, full in the invading front of the white man, so Elliott, when he sees the rich inclosing the footpaths of the poor, appears to rise in stature as he waxes in indignation; the rapidity and fierceness of his strokes are scarcely human; and the reader may appreciate, if he ever can, the sublimity which lives in contention!

Let it be distinctly understood that we neither deny nor question the poet's right to mingle his musical voice with the discordant voices of political warfare. The poet would present one argument against his universality if he showed himself totally unfitted to take a personal place in civil questions. Except God, the Infinite and Unfathomable, and there is nothing above nor too profound for the poet's glance; neither is there in human affairs aught distinct or divided from the poet's heart. He who perceives most reverently, and most loves the harmonies of Nature, evident alike in sky, and sea, and sod, may be presumed to feel most sensibly the inharmonious aspects of social life. Thus it was with Ebenezer Elliott,

"The poet of the poor.
Whose books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadows, and the moor."

These, his own words, and intended as a part of his own epitaph, express better than any other phrase the whole man. Elliott's fame has a wider base than his Anti-Corn-Law notoriety, a notoriety that can only be considered as a portion of

his completeness, a fragment—yet no inconsiderable fragment—of his totality. Yet although Ebenezer Elliott may be divided from the Corn Laws as an abstract question, and the poet remain, he cannot be sundered from social subjects without leaving a gap that no living poet can fill. Elliott has our deepest sympathy when he is building up stately palaces out of his generous thoughts, and he does so occasionally; not when his constructiveness is lost, as it often is, in the violence by which he destroys existent evils. We breathe more freely, and more like one of the human family, when we see the defiant gladiator thawing into the domestic teacher, stimulating the poor to industry and kindly feeling, telling them how happiness lies rather in the heart than the brain—rather in the feelings than the understanding. As an example, take the following lines on

SATURDAY.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
Although we can't be fine.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read; and when he reads,
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music-glasses up
With water fresh and clear;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The street will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell,
And from the shelter'd stubble-field
The scarlet pimpernel.

Assuredly this is beautiful, very beautiful, the kind of thing which works miracles of good when harsh words utterly fail. The genius of Elliott should not be taken as an atonement of his wilful bad taste and harsh utterances. That he was sincere in his political crusade no one doubts. A duty should be performed bravely; it may be done even sternly; but let it not be done repulsively. Does the poet elevate his high calling, or debase any man in the ranks of men, by such as this?

For thee, my country, thee do I perform
Sternly the duty of a man born free,
Heedless though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm
Shake ears, and fangs, with brandish'd bray, at me.

Or this—

Wolves with the hearts of devils!
They steal our footpaths too.

Or this—

Where art thou, festal pudding of my sires?
Gone to feed fat the heirs of thieves and tians.

We console ourselves for the bitterness of these passages, and such as these, with the notion that they serve a purpose. They stand in the throng of Elliott's stanzas like a few black ears in a ripe corn-field, sending out in brighter beauty the golden grain which nods to the noontide sun. Elliott is mainly remarkable for the antithesis of conduct and nature—the coarseness of his blows and the womanly softness of his sympathies. His very passiveness is stern and rugged, yet protective of the injured and helpless. He is like a mountain beetling over the main, which succours the lichen, and the grey gulls that find a home in its crevices, while it repels the invading sea at its base. He weeps with the wronged, but absolutely disdains to waste logic on the wronger. Show him a tyrant, and there is no mincing words, no chipping and chiseling epithets, but you hear the whir of his ponderous battle-axe and the crash of his crushing blow. Blot Elliott from the last list of illustrious poets, and you destroy a significant fact, you cut away a buttress—sharp, angular, bristling with cannon, yet positively indispensable in the literary fabric. Of the whole he forms a constituent and important portion. He played the third part in that eager combative drama which brought celebrity to his age and country. Shelley, Byron, Elliott, are the strongest, because the most sincere, personifications of contest. Their literary lives are inseparable from three words, the Spiritual, the Personal, and the Numeral. One climbed up, worm as he was, in the very face of God and angels, and fearlessly declared man's hope of heaven a blunder. Another, scarcely in this differing, fought fastest and fiercest against humanity, because society insisted on the right of searching and judging the life of the individual,

of which its own elements were composed. And the last became an embodied strife, because he had forced himself, not reasoned himself, into the belief that it was the only interest of the rich to crush and brutalise the poor. Admitting that the combativeness of the illustrious trio was honest, it does not follow that we should admit the truth of their position. Many of Elliott's pictures of life were an exaggeration, and therefore the vehemence of his attacks was disproportioned to object charged. In our opinion Elliott's the *Splendid Village* is an exaggeration; but in his exaggerations what real help, what genuine sympathy, what actual relief he brings, or assists to bring, his poor, miserable, and struggling brothers! While we prove that Ebenezer Elliott is not an angel, not the least faultless, perhaps, of the human family, we love him as a man who we verily believe left the world wiser and better than he found it.

The poet's power of amplification was the poet's chief tormentor. That one idea of earthly woe and suffering, whether true or false, which haunted him perpetually, shut him out, like a dark curtain, from that lofty serenity of mood out of which the grandest poetry springs. Society will never be able to repay what it owes to the serenity of John Milton! If Elliott had essayed to paint the Garden of Eden in its first blush and bloom, he would have intruded on its innocence the sombre hues of his spirit, and tintured it with the reflex, faint it may be, but still observable, of the social disparities of his times. His power of abstraction was not sufficiently strong to have done otherwise. January Searle observes, that the poet said, as they were walking together in the valley below his house, "These beautiful birds are singing as if there were no sorrow in the world. Ye break my heart, little birds," and the poet's eyes were brimful of tears. Here again that one everlasting gloomy idea—call it fact if you will—places in a false position the innocent, melodious children of the air. Must the stars cease to shine because man is selfish? or the flowers droop and pine because man is unjust? or the lark fail to carol at heaven's gate because man is sinful? Oh! there is mercy, wisdom, goodness, in the power which awakens, even in a "workhouse," the ringing laughter of a child! This unconsciousness in the birds and the child is the truest happiness, and by nothing less than a similar unconsciousness of human pain and errors can man comprehend the beauty and magnificence of Nature. What Elliott chiefly needed was the grandeur of repose. He could not rest, as a seraph might, on his folded wing, and gaze down with majestic calmness, even for a moment, on the earth and its bustling occupants. Not being equal to this, he was not equal to the highest and broadest range of the poet. He could fathom the corn laws, but not the morals of suffering, nor the profoundest depths of human souls. Yet he was a great man,—not the greatest, for he had no serenity, no abstractedness, no spiritual intensity,—yet great in this sense, that he did ably and bravely what he set out on his mission to do. He was not the greatest, because imagination and passion governed him, not he them; but great in this particular, that he rose from the sinewy ranks of labour, and made the world listen to his rugged yet burning eloquence. No common man can shake this ponderous world, and compel it to listen; and no common man was the pioneer of the Anti-Corn-Law League, hard-worded, gentle-hearted Ebenezer Elliott.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AT the head of our article, both from the importance of the subject and the originality with which it is treated, we have to place *A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible: being an exposition of the principles involved in some of the most remarkable facts and phenomena recorded in Revelation*, by the Rev. E. D. RENDELL. Of the writer of this work we know nothing further than what appears on the title-page, viz., that he is the author of "Antediluvian History and Death of Christ," neither of which treatises has ever fallen into our hands. To what church, sect, or denomination he belongs we have not the remotest idea—at least from external evidence. From the pages before us, however, we must conclude that he is either a Swedenborgian, or, at all events, strongly tinged with the principles of that sect. We think, therefore, that it would have been more honest to have given some intimation of this on the title-page, which (if in no other way) might have been done by substituting a quotation from the great Swedish mystic for that which we now read from M. Bunsen's

"Hippolytus." With this demurrer to the title-page duly recorded, and after warning our readers of the Swedenborgian tendencies of Mr. Rendell's "treatise," we feel ourselves at liberty to characterise it as the production of an earnest, thoughtful, and highly cultivated mind. The author's professed object is to lead men to a deeper reverence for the Scriptures, by accustoming them to look for an inner sense or allegorical meaning in those portions of Holy Writ which are usually regarded as mere historical or biographical narrative. The New Testament writers have done this in several instances, and have thereby set us an example to follow in our interpretation of the inspired writings. If inspired, as they surely are, the writer contends that the inspiration must surely consist in their hidden meaning. An inward spiritual sense must underlie the outward covering; since otherwise, we must be aware that, as mere narratives written for our conduct in life, there are many besides those recorded in the Bible that may serve the purpose. "But when it is remembered that outward transactions, and the consequent history of men, are but visible displays of their inward principles, it will be easy to see that certain occurrences may be selected by the Divine Providence for the purpose of representing certain spiritual principles; and, by causing the history to be written, to reveal by means of its representatives the existence of those principles. In this case the inspiration of the man would be necessary, in order to lead him to write the point of history selected in the peculiar way required; and as the history was selected for the sake of representing internal and spiritual things, those internal and spiritual things would constitute the inspiration of the narrative, and also the revelation which it contains. Under this view of the case, the whole difficulty of seeing how an historical narrative could require the inspiration of men for its production—how it could be an inspired composition, and at the same time be a revelation from God—at once disappears." In this quotation we have allowed the author to speak for himself, as we always wish to do, in fairness, when our space allows; and as an example of his mode of interpretation on the "inner sense" principle, we are sorry that we cannot give room to his illustration (p. 141) of "Moses slaying the Egyptian, and hiding him in the sand." The hidden meaning here evolved, or attempted to be evolved, we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere. With this slight notice, we take our leave of Mr. Rendell's volume. It contains much that we quite approve of, besides a great deal from which we entirely dissent; and, merely adding that the author, if a Swedenborgian, is at least not a mystic, we commend his work to a candid and impartial perusal. —*The Spiritual Exposition of the Apocalypse, as derived from the Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg, illustrated and confirmed by ancient and modern authorities*, by the Rev. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M.A. (4 vols. Longman, 1851), is not liable to the exception we noticed above of misleading the reader as to the nature of its contents by the phraseology of its title. Mr. Clissold is a staunch advocate of the Swedenborgian system of interpretation, which believing to be the only true one, he takes up the "Apocalypse Revealed" of Swedenborg, published more than eighty years ago, and undertakes to prove that, whatever may have been the objections urged against him, "he has the highest authorities in the Church, both ancient and modern, in his favour." It is in the application of the system that the real difficulty lies, for "no church likes to be condemned, and naturally seeks to make the Apocalypse prophesy smooth things concerning itself." The "Apocalypse Revealed," as originally published, contained a short interpretation of every verse, and a larger interpretation founded on the shorter. Since, however, most people are disposed to regard the interpretations of Swedenborg as either "fanciful or arbitrary," Mr. Clissold, anxious to secure for them at least some sort of hearing, has thought proper to substitute for the larger interpretation a collection of authorities from "the most distinguished writers, whether Patristic, Roman Catholic, or Protestant, of which the Church can boast." These he adduces, not with a design to supersede the original interpretations of his author, but to demonstrate that no objection can be made to the one without equally involving the other. The authorities, he contends, fully illustrate and confirm the interpretations; "they constitute, therefore, a *prima facie* reason for a serious and devout study of those interpretations, and an appeal to those Bereans among us in the present day, of whom in former times it is said, 'they were more noble than those in Thessalonica, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.'" —MR. SHEPHERD, in *A Third Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage*, assuming those writings to be forgeries, proceeds to an examination of the object which the author or authors must have had in view, to lead to their fabrication. "It seems to have been to inculcate unity in the Church, that is, the unity of the people with the clergy, of the inferior clergy with the bishop, and of the bishops with each other and with the Roman Church, described as their fountain and centre—this body, so united, is, in Cyprian's estimation, Christ's Church—and then, to suggest and inculcate the deduction that com-

munion with the Church of Rome was necessary to salvation, and to exhibit a controlling superior authority in the Roman over the other Bishops and the Church generally." Such an object is to us perfectly intelligible. It is well known that the advocates of Roman supremacy have from time to time either corrupted or destroyed various documents that bore testimony against them; and, on the other hand, have forged new ones in support of their pretensions. To what an extent this may have been carried it is now impossible to say. The Cyprianic writings, if forgeries, are certainly the cleverest things of the kind that have yet been palmed upon the Church. But who knows whether we are not on the eve of still further discoveries in this track? Meanwhile, Mr. Shepherd promises us a fourth letter. We presume that when the series is complete, some one of the "Quarterlies" will stoop to a consideration of the subject.—*The Papal Supremacy: Whence and what is it?* by a Presbyter, is a brief but admirable tract directed against the assumed divine right of the Roman Pontiff to the supremacy of the Christian world. This right was made an article of faith by the Council of Trent, and the Church of Rome has ever since insisted upon it as necessary to salvation. But there is no foundation for it whatever in the Scriptures, neither is it to be found in the early Fathers. On the contrary, in a short *Catena Patrum* quoted by the writer, we find direct evidence against it. Such a doctrine, therefore, must be heresy, aggravated by the sin of propounding forged documents, such as the *Decretals* of the pseudo-Isidore, in its defence.—The feeling so generally prevalent that something must be done, and that speedily, to reform our cathedral institutions, we find admirably expressed in a short pamphlet entitled, *Deans and Chapters: their Abuses, with a Suggestion for their Reform*, respectfully dedicated to the Members of the Chapter Commission, by a Member of the Established Church. As an honest, straightforward exposition of the evils known to exist in the institutions referred to, with some practical suggestions for their removal, we trust that the pamphlet before us may meet with a wide circulation.—To the admirers of Mrs. Stowe, a reprint of her father's *Lectures on Political Atheism*, by LYMAN BEECHER, D.D. (Clarke, Beeton, and Co.), cannot fail to prove acceptable. If the daughter is eloquent and earnest in denouncing the evils of slavery, the sire is no less so in these earnest appeals to his fellow-countrymen to resist the inroads of scepticism and infidelity, which, at each advance they are allowed to make, appear to him to assume a more audacious front and unblushing mien; and which, beginning by corrupting the moral sense, will, if not checked, end in destroying even the political liberties of the great American people.—From Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. of Philadelphia, we have received a work entitled *Charity and the Clergy: being a Review by a Protestant Clergyman of the "New Themes" Controversy; together with sundry serious reflections upon the religious press, theological seminaries, ecclesiastical ambition, growth of modernism, prostitution of the pulpit, and general decay of Christianity*. The author of "New Themes," and of a work recently noticed in this journal, entitled "Politics for American Christians," is Mr. STEPHEN COLWELL, a writer of considerable vigour, who, it would seem, however, has given offence to certain sections of the religious world in America by his free strictures on its present corrupt condition; its want of charity; its neglect of the poor; its defective educational institutions; the worldly-mindedness of the clergy; and other similar topics, not at all flattering to the self-complacency of the several bodies concerned in these charges. Against this work several rejoinders have been issued from the press, not only in religious periodicals, but otherwise; the principal being *A Review by a Layman of a work entitled "New Themes," &c.* These answers the present writer takes up in a strain very similar to that work, reiterates almost all the charges therein contained, and in bold Transatlantic fashion will not rest until he has stormed the very camp of the enemy. Not being ourselves in a position to judge of the present state of the American churches, we shall not pronounce an opinion upon the merits of this controversy. At the same time, however, we may express a hope that things are not so bad with our American fellow-Christians as they are represented to be.—From controversy we turn with pleasure to an instructive volume of *Sermons on Various Subjects*, by the Rev. A. GINSON, M.A., vicar of Chedworth, Gloucestershire; and likewise to *A Treatise on the Assurance of Salvation*, by PATON J. GLOAG, assistant minister of Dunning. The latter work has been called forth by a feeling on the part of the author that the subject has been strangely overlooked by modern writers. The only recent works that he is aware of on the subject are an essay by Dr. Wardlaw—which, however, is professedly of a controversial nature—and a lecture by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, which, though valuable, is too short to embrace all that requires to be said on the subject. To both, however, he acknowledges his obligations; and after experiencing "greater difficulties, both of a doctrinal and of a practical nature, than he at first anticipated," it is "after much delay and hesitation" that he now offers his work to the public.—Before concluding we beg to apologise for the misprint of "Massingberd," instead of "Mas-

singham," in the notice of that gentleman's lecture on *The Church of England* contained in our last number.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces. By WILLIAM MACCANN, Author of "The Present Position of Affairs on the River Plate." In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States during the Visit of their Guest. By FRANCIS and THERESA PULSZKY. In 3 vols. Trubner and Co.

Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, performed in the Year 1850-51, under the Orders and at the Expense of her Majesty's Government. By the late JAMES RICHARDSON. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. MACCANN is a merchant, who first arrived in the River Plate in 1842, with the object of increasing his commercial relations; but he found the country so distracted with political convulsions, that the people had neither leisure nor inclination for the peaceable occupations of trade.

In default of his anticipated field for profitable labours, Mr. MacCann betook himself to the study of the people, and of their institutions, out of curiosity to ascertain the causes of a state of society so inimical to the merchant, and partly with purpose to inform his correspondents what were the prospects for future commerce with the distracted land. His design grew under his hands. He employed his leisure in an extended survey of the region he was writing about. In 1848 he made a journey to the south of the province of Buenos Ayres, and another journey to the north of that province, and he frankly states that "being in search of openings for fresh fields of commerce during both these journeys, self-interest prompted me to be vigilant in my observations and accurate in my judgment. I therefore patiently sought for facts in every quarter;" and he was much assisted to these by letters of introduction that gave him access to the best sources of intelligence. His journeys in pursuit of this knowledge, though exceeding 2000 miles, did not, he says, extend beyond the Argentine Provinces; but he obtained a good deal of information of the Banda Oriental and Paraguay, which he has embodied in these volumes.

As the personal observations of a man of business, accustomed to see things as they are, and describe them as he sees them, this account of provinces which have lately attracted so much attention will be read with more than usual interest and profit. Mr. MacCANN is no professional bookmaker—travelling for the express purpose of publishing, and therefore tempted too often to sacrifice literal fidelity to effect; but he tells in the plainest and most tradesmanlike fashion, in the fewest and most expressive words, the impressions made upon his mind by the objects he saw, and the facts he gathered from authentic sources; and when he does indulge in disquisition there is nothing of the sentimental or declamatory; but common-sense remarks on men and things, which commend themselves more to the reader than any amount of poetical rhapsody or mawkish moralising, of which a certain class of tour-writers are so fond.

The origin of these valuable volumes thus explained, there remains only to be done the duty of gleanings from them some passages to exhibit their style; and indeed, in this department of literature, it would be impossible to do more within the limits of a Literary Journal than thus to introduce to notice the new publications. Probably, too, the reader finds more amusement in the extract than in the commentary. We should add, that the work is illustrated with many lithographs, and so commend it to the libraries and book clubs.

Here is a glimpse of the

FAUNA OF THE PLAINS.

As we journeyed along, we passed close to a burrow of ferrets, one of which, probably the female, ran towards us grinning and chattering fiercely; as we halted, two more of smaller size joined in the attack, but the moment they reached us, the apparent mother seized one of them by the back of the neck and dragged it into the hole; she then returned for the other, and finally took refuge herself. I dismounted, and lay quietly for a long time on the grass, hoping to shoot and examine one, but was disappointed; for, although they frequently came to the mouth of the hole to reconnoitre, I could not cover one with my

pistol. While watching for the ferrets, a numerous flock of small wild birds, with plumage very similar to our goldfinch, passed over our heads and alighted on a pool of water at a little distance, where they enjoyed a bath. As we proceeded, we observed a beautiful white stallion careering along some rising grounds, and driving into his herd one or two mares who had been coquetting with his rivals his flowing mane and long tail, streaming on the wind as he galloped at full speed, showed off his noble form, proportions, and action, and seemed to realise the idea of a fiery Pegasus.

Now for a spirited sketch of

A CHASE ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

We now entered upon plains, where for the first time I saw wild deer and ostriches, and here we enjoyed a glorious chase. We were going at rather a gentle pace, when we came upon a herd of deer; they did not appear to take much notice of us until we were near enough for them to hear the mare's bell, the sound of which attracted their notice, for they turned their heads and stood with ears erect and their bits of tail stiff with expectation. We gave a long tally-ho which sent off both horses and deer at a killing pace, and being compelled, *volens volens*, to keep up with them, we seemed as if in full chase of a troop of wild colts. It was most princely sport—Nimrod himself never had a finer chase. The cattle on the estancia cleared out, leaving a broad open space for our coursers, and for a long distance we followed at full speed a quarry composed of colts, deer, and ostriches. Storks, turkey buzzards, and countless flocks of birds, poised on their wings as if astonished at the unwonted sight. At length the ostriches and deer parted company, and we very gladly saw our tropicall slackening their pace. It reminded me of a superstition amongst the natives; almost every night, at about the same hour, it is said, all the dogs in the country commence a most melancholy howling, as if they were lamenting the dead; and the natives say that this occurs when some spirit rides past on his nightly rounds, mounted on a wild colt, and driving a troop of horses before him.

And now let us take a peep at the mansion of

A SQUIRE OF THE PAMPAS.

The house is one story high, contains only two rooms, and is thatched with bulrushes. In the front is an inclosed space, designed for a garden, and having a variety of sweet-smelling shrubs and flowering plants, with some cabbages and onions, growing in it; but it does not show any careful cultivation, and a stork has been luxuriating in it all the evening. Opposite the garden is a peach orchard. At sun-set, when the labours of the day were over, the men-servants and others had a game of bowls with the master. Towards bedtime we were very plentifully supplied with maté before retiring to rest. The room contained one small bedstead, with a mattress (I believe) of wool; and also a catre, a description of bedstead in universal use throughout the country, very convenient and portable; it is made on the same principle as a folding garden-chair, with a canvass bottom that doubles up. Our host having supplied each guest with a clean sheet and pillow, wished us good night: our ponchos (the large square cloaks with a hole in the middle to put the head through, peculiar to the country) and our saddles supplied the remainder of our bedding. Our horses continued to give us some anxiety, as we feared they might return home, if we left them on the grass during the night; they were therefore put into the corral—only those intended for the saddle-to-morrow being let to feed on the grass, and these were hobbled. At an early hour in the morning Don Pepe very kindly brought me a maté while in bed. It must be an excellent tonic, judging from its unusual bitterness when taken without sugar. Upon rising and going out I was at once struck with the perfect flatness of the country. It was a dead level of vast extent, not the slightest undulation being discernible. As the natives do not breakfast sooner than eleven o'clock, and we were anxious to resume our route, we wished to have some substantial food before we started, and therefore asked our host for some beef; he very hospitably desired us to cut what we wanted, and Don Pepe, who knew best where the tender pieces are, accordingly took his knife and cut off a piece to roast. Such is the custom of the country in these cases; the traveller is desired to take what he chooses, as there is always abundance of meat hanging up in some open place. Following Don Pepe into the cookhouse, we found our host and two or three others sitting round the fire. The fireplace was on the ground in the centre of the room, and consisted of a row of bricks on edge, inclosing about a yard square, the fire being in the centre; over it, supported on an iron frame, a kettle was boiling. We took our seats around it on logs of wood about six or eight inches high. Maté was then handed round by a boy. There being no chimney, the place was full of smoke, but by sitting low the annoyance was avoided. After the removal of the kettle, Don Pepe put down a quantity of dry weeds, and then, with his knife, scraped the clay and grease off the spit—a piece of iron about four feet high; Don José assisted him to run it through the piece of beef, and to secure one end of the spit in the ground, in such a position as allowed the meat to

lean over the blaze. In this manner meat may be nicely cooked; for the heat, ascending on all sides, penetrates it thoroughly, and gives it a peculiarly fine flavour: though a very fastidious person, seeing the quantity of smoke and dust which sometimes concealed the meat from sight, might perhaps have felt reluctant to partake of it at breakfast. When our joint had been sufficiently long in its reclining position, during which Don José had turned it from time to time, the boy commenced pounding some Lisbon salt in a large wooden mortar, a handful of which he partially sprinkled on the beef; Don Pepe then placed the spit across the hot embers, the ends resting on the bricks to keep the meat clear of the ashes: one or two more changes, and the meat was done "to a turn." The spit was then stuck upright into the ground, and we sat round it, cutting off pieces with our knives, and heartily enjoying this gipsy feast: there was no table in the place. It requires some practice to eat in this manner, as you have to hold the meat with your left hand, and then, seizing on a piece with your teeth, apply the knife with your right hand, directing the edge upwards to cut off the piece; and care must be taken by one who has a long nose, or the tip may be cut off. The beef was particularly tender, and as juicy as mushrooms; as soon as a piece touched my lips it seemed to melt into my mouth. My hands were covered with gravy, and I hastened to wash them in a tin baking-dish, for want of any other vessel. Having finished our repast, we took a draught of water, and thanked the "good man of the house" for his hospitality; he would have felt insulted had I offered him payment; indeed, it is in his power to live like a prince, if he only knew how; for he possesses a league and a half square of fertile land, equal to 9000 English acres, well stocked with cattle. So far as happiness consists in total freedom from care, and a consciousness that want can never approach his dwelling, our host possessed it; his occupations are merely those of a pastoral life; and his pleasures consist in visiting amongst his friends on the Sabbath-day, together with dancing, card-playing, and horse-racing; upon the success of a late race he staked and won nearly 200*l.* sterling.

In conclusion let us note

THE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.

The marriage ceremony is similar to that which is practised by many barbarous races. When a young man desires to obtain a wife, he communicates his wishes to his relatives, in order to obtain their assistance in collecting the amount necessary to satisfy the parents and friends of the bride. Before daybreak upon the morning of the wedding, the friends of the young man assemble at a place appointed, and send some of their number to the hut of the bride. Upon entering the hut, they at once announce their mission, and with much eloquence eulogise the bridegroom, recounting also the deeds of his ancestors. To this the father of the bride replies by commending the good qualities of his daughter, and then refers them for a final decision to her mother. The mother's consent being obtained, the gifts to be presented in exchange for the girl are arranged; this point is sometimes one of great difficulty, for all her friends must receive a portion of the presents. So soon as this part of the affair is brought to a close, one of the deputation returns to the bridegroom desiring him and his companions to advance with the gifts, which usually consist of cattle, wearing apparel, spurs, and horse-trappings. Eight or ten cloaks are then formed into a seat, and the father of the bridegroom enters the tent inquiring for the bride. He finds her holding in her right hand a plate, having upon it a green stone called *lanca*, which she presents to him. She is then introduced to the friends of her future husband, and takes her seat upon the seat of cloaks. An animal, either a horse or an ox, is then killed, the heart and chest of which are parboiled and eaten by the assembly. At the close of this repast the bride is conducted to the hut of the bridegroom, where feasting and dancing are continued during the day. Such is the usual marriage ceremony; but should lovers anticipate the opposition of their parents, the girl is frequently carried off by the friends of the young man, with whom she lives in concealment for some days. Afterwards the relatives of the man proceed to demand her from her parents, making presents as upon the former occasion, and asking pardon for the violence employed, pleading excessive love as its cause, and declaring the parties already married by mutual consent. On such occasions a reconciliation is easily effected; a marriage-feast is then celebrated, and adequate gifts are presented to the parents and friends of the bride. Polygamy is permitted, but in consequence of the expense attendant upon marriage, none but the rich can avail themselves of this privilege. When an Indian has two or three wives, the first married is endowed with the greatest authority, and governs the establishment. Jealousy often rages amongst the wives, but it soon subsides, in consequence of the perfect indifference with which the husband regards their quarrels. The husband is obliged to pass two nights successively with each wife, a custom of great antiquity, and which admits of no deviation, and the wife whose turn it is to receive her husband is obliged to provide him with food and drink for the time, and to treat him with the greatest affection and respect.

White, Red, Black, is the somewhat fanciful title given to an extremely interesting narrative of a visit to the United States, by M. and Madam Pulszky, in company with Kossuth; the lady, already known as the author of some clever and popular works in English, being the principal contributor to this one. The occasion of their visit of course gave to them some opportunities not enjoyed by the ordinary traveller; but it also excluded them from some sources of information, which, to a visitor not so much an object of attraction, would have been open continually. Both Madam Pulszky and her husband pass their opinions with great freedom on American institutions, and the manners and habits of the people, and they speak out plainly enough when occasion calls for it. Judging from the tone of many observations, we should suspect that, upon the whole, the visitors were disappointed with their reception, enthusiastic though it was at first, and respectful always. This disappointment has somewhat coloured their views of the country; and, though Madam Pulszky finds little positive fault and indulges in no satire, she criticises freely, praises coldly at times, and even ventures upon occasional objections. Such a work cannot but be acceptable to the book-club and library, and doubtless it will be the book of travels for the season, for it is very amusing and readable in itself, apart from the special interest attaching to its origin. A few specimens of its contents will suffice to show the reader what a treat is in store for him.

They fell in with some of their compatriots who had emigrated and established themselves in the remote districts.

THE MAGYARS IN THE BACKWOODS.

Soon after the arrival of Ujhazy on the banks of the Thompson River, when he and his party had hardly pitched their tent, a young backwoodsman came on horseback up to them, and said "Which is the daughter of the Hungarian General?" Miss Ujhazy, who spoke English, asked him what he wanted. "I reckon it's time for me to marry," was the reply; "and I came to propose to you." The young lady began to laugh; but her novel suitor declared that he was in full earnest, that he did not live far off, and that he would assist her father in every way. But when he saw that his proposal was not accepted he rode off to his business, without having alighted from his horse during the conversation. The Hungarians afterwards learned that in the backwoods not much time is wasted in courting young ladies, or paying them attention before marriage. The pioneer visits a neighbour who has grown-up daughters, and asks, "How do you do?" places himself on a chair before the chimney, chews, spits in the fire, and utters not another word; after a while he takes his leave, and when he has paid a couple of such taciturn calls, he says to the young lady, "I reckon I should marry you." The answer is commonly, "I have no objection." The couple without further ceremony proceed to the justice of peace, and make their declaration; and when the Methodist missionary happens to come in their neighbourhood the civil marriage is solemnised religiously.

In England we are wont to suppose the coloured man to be oppressed only in the states where slavery is an institution. But he is yet more injured, because insulted, in the free states.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY AND PRACTICE.

"Is it true that the Governor has received a deputation of coloured persons?" I was asked by a gentleman.—I answered that I had heard of such a delegation having called on him. "But you do not mean to say that he saw them?" continued Mr. —. I expressed my astonishment at the doubt, as I could not understand how Kossuth, whose door was open to any one interested in the cause he pleaded, should shut out people because they were coloured. But my remark seemed to be quite as strange to the gentleman as his opinion appeared to me. To see coloured persons in a drawing room was obviously an offence against a prejudice of the aristocracy of colour, as deeply-rooted as the horror of high-born continental ladies for those whose pedigree cannot prove a range of sixteen noble ancestors. I could not refrain to tell Mr. —, as a parallel case, that one of those exclusive ladies in Vienna, who often was in want of money, and found herself obliged occasionally to receive a banker, who transacted her business, had her drawing-room fumigated as often as that gentleman left it. She found the aristocratic air of her drawing-room was polluted by the breath of low-born persons who were mere bankers. But the American could not find out the parallelism of the case, and thought it monstrous that the relation of whites to whites should be compared to the relation of white men, free and equal, to coloured persons of an inferior race, slaves themselves, or at least the sons and descendants of slaves. No social intercourse on the basis of equality is possible with them, even in the free states. But it is not only the white man who looks down upon the black:

from the dark mulatto to the hardly-tinged quadroon, every lighter shade claims a grade of pre-eminence, acknowledged by the full black and the white. A mulatto girl sewed for me in the hotel; and I soon remarked that one of the black waiters attended on her with uncommon courtesy, and brought her for her dinner every dainty the kitchen and the cellar afforded, as if ordered by us. I thought this extravagant, and told it to the housekeeper; who exclaimed, "The bad girl, to degrade herself so far as to accept attention from a black fellow!" This, then, was the great error; not that she had accepted a bottle of champagne to which she had no right, but that she had accepted it "from the black fellow."

They were introduced to

WASHINGTON IRVING.

We had a most pleasant dinner party, where we met Washington Irving, whose name, ever since I have been acquainted with English literature, was connected in my mind with such genuine freshness of conception, that I fancied the author of the *Sketch-Book*, and of the radiant pictures of the *Alhambra*, must remain always young. I was, therefore, rather childishly surprised to see a gentleman on whose lofty brow years have impressed their traces, and to hear that he was the man whom my imagination had endowed with the unwithering vigour of youth, like Goethe, whose Jupiter frame was not bent by age. But listening to his conversation, full of hope and warmth, I found that my early impression had not been wrong. Washington Irving can as little grow old as his works—their covers may be worn out, but never their contents.

They do not appear to be well pleased with

AMERICAN COOKERY.

I cannot accustom myself to the Western fare in the hotels and on the boats. Instead of giving a few cleanly-prepared, plain dishes, the table is covered with dainties, with jellies and creams, ices, French sauces and sweets,—a most unfortunate attempt to match English with French cooking, without the rude cleanliness of the first or the savoury refinement of the latter. But the passengers obviously do not care how the dishes taste, provided that they sound well on the bill of fare, satisfied to find on it everything that could command at the Café de Paris or the Frères Provençaux. They are fond of the idea that America is the first country of the world, even as respects the culinary art. Even the water looks unpalatable: it is the Mississippi water, with all the mud of its bottoms dissolved by the melting snow. "How do you like America, Sir? Is it not a great country?" said a gentleman to Mr. Pulszky.—"Of course it is," was the answer. "Have you found anything here which fell short of your expectation?"—"Your political institutions are admirable," replied Mr. Pulszky; "your people are enterprising and energetic; but, after all, there is nothing perfect under the sun." "Well, Sir, what can you object to?" continued the American, a planter, who probably wished to open thus a discussion on slavery. Mr. Pulszky took up his glass, and said: "For instance, I object to the mud in the Mississippi water which you drink."—"Sir," retorted the American, "it has been chemically analysed and compared with the waters of other rivers, and it was ascertained that the Ganges as well as the Nile contain several per cent. more of animal matter than the Mississippi."—"I have every regard for the sacred rivers of the Hindoos and the Egyptians," said Mr. Pulszky; "yet I am ready to give the palm to your father of rivers. Only I do not see why the mud of the Himalaya and of the Abyssinian mountains should justify you in drinking the mud of the Western prairie. Don't you know here the use of filters?"—"Sir," exclaimed the American, indignantly; "how should we not?"—"Then why do you not filter your water?" asked Mr. Pulszky.—"Without hesitating one moment, the planter replied: "We are such a *go-ahead* people that we have no time to filter our water."

Here is a curious anecdote:

AUTOGRAPHS BY DEPUTY.

Jan. 17th.—Governor Johnston, who during our stay at Harrisburg had been most hospitable to us, came in the morning to take leave. We were already in our travelling costumes, well provided against the cold, when he requested us to have our daguerreotypes taken for him. Our excuse that it would be too late did not avail; the artist had come with him, and our portraits were taken with bonnets and muffs and furs. Daguerreotypes are the favourite keepsakes in America—the substitutes for works of art. In the meantime many ladies and gentlemen had assembled in the parlour, and asked me about the real nature of the struggle and the constitution of Hungary. I found this desire rather strange in the very moment of our departure, but it was only the introduction to another wish, to have my autograph. Several of the ladies had their albums in hand, and I readily complied with their request; but scarcely had they obtained it, when a lady exclaimed, "But now I must have Madame Kossuth's too," and all the others unanimously seconded her. But Madame Kossuth, being yet busy with her arrangements for the journey, could not come down, and it was suggested by one of the ladies that I might act as Madame Kossuth's

deputy; I gladly consented, silently wondering that they were satisfied with such substituted autographs.

Now for a sketch of

A GOVERNOR'S LEVEE.

In the afternoon we reached the capital of Indiana; a very small place, whose resources are not yet sufficient to provide for drainage and pavement. The aboriginal mud of the rich soil reminded me here of the streets of Debreczin. We proceeded to the hotel, whilst the gentlemen were paraded through the streets and introduced to the Legislature. The hotel is very far from nice, and the attendants seem to be fully aware that everybody here is to do his own business. For example, when I was in a hurry to dress for the levee of Governor Wright, and asked for a light, the waiter brought two tallow candles, put them in my hands, and, pointing to the mantelpiece, he said, "There are the candlesticks"—and left the room. We went to the house of the Governor; it is small, and I soon perceived why it is not so comfortable as it could be. In thronged the society and people of Indianapolis, ladies and gentlemen of every description; muddy boots and torn clothes, and again desperate attempts at finery; glass jewels and French silk dresses, which after having found no purchasers in New York have been sent to the West. Some of the mothers had their babies in their arms; workmen appeared in their blouses, or dusty coats, just as they came from the workshop; farmers stepped in in high boots. Once more we saw that the house of the Governor is the property of the people. And yet this incongruous mass did not behave unbefittingly to a drawing-room: there was no rude elbowing, no unpleasant noise or disturbing laughter,—had they but shaken hands less violently! I yet feel Western cordiality in my stiff arm.

We have never seen so fine a description as this of

THE MISSISSIPPI.

We tarried for thirty-six hours opposite to Cairo, at the conflux of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Large quantities of cotton were here piled up on the banks; and until they were safely stowed into the boat, we had to wait. No signs of impatience were manifested at this delay. It is still very cold: the trees are leafless. Wild ducks and turkey-buzzards enliven the dreary scenery. In comparison with the enormous width of the Mississippi, the trees on the banks, and even the cliffs which overhang them, seem dwarfish. There is little variety along the river: no mountain peaks, no interesting valleys, no succession of hills and dales; nothing but the monotonous majesty of the waters between marshy woods, which cover the ground up to the bluffs, running along, approaching here, receding there, but always at the same general level. It is somewhat like the measured cadence of a lengthy epic poem—grand, but wearisome.

The reader will doubtless be surprised to find this defence by an American of

SLAVERY *versus* DEMOCRACY.

This peculiar institution cannot prosper among new ideas and general progress: the slave states, therefore, are eminently conservative. An American explained to me, in good earnest, that the institution of slavery is in the United States the substitute for the English aristocracy—it is the check which prevents democracy from proceeding too rashly. "After the abolition of slavery," he said, "nothing can be reasonably expected but the deluge. All our institutions will be swept away, and anarchy will begin. Slavery alone maintains order, society, and family in the United States, against communism, socialism, and all the ills of Europe. The conservative feeling of the South is the natural consequence of slavery. The statesmen beyond Mason and Dixon's hire must necessarily, and for self-preservation, oppose every innovation. You know that a candle burns more brightly, but is rapidly consumed, in pure oxygen; for respiration, therefore, Nature has mixed it with azote. Thus it is likewise with our institutions; the freedom of the Northern states is the oxygen; the slavery in the South the azote. The mixture is necessary; for without it the United States would shine brighter in history, but would soon disappear.

"A profound conviction," says Mr. BAYLE ST. JOHN, who has edited the posthumous papers of his friend Mr. RICHARDSON, "seems to have early possessed him that something might be done towards ameliorating the condition of the African nations, if we were only better acquainted with them. This it was that sustained and guided his footsteps; and all who knew him unite in testifying that he concealed beneath a pleasant, cheerful exterior the character of a Christian gentleman and an ardent crusader against this worst form of oppression."

To explore the countries stained with the hideous crime of slave-dealing—to penetrate the regions that lie as a huge blank upon the map Africa—was an early dream of Mr. Richardson's ambition. Probably it was with some hope that he might prepare himself for the

grand object of his life that he crossed the Great Desert of Sahara, and thus partially experienced the dangers and difficulties of African travel. That experience, and the enthusiasm for adventure without which such an enterprise could not be successfully undertaken, indicated Mr. Richardson as the man peculiarly qualified to carry out the design of the Government for another mission to Central Africa. The offer was gladly accepted; and on the 30th of March 1850 Mr. Richardson started from Tripoli on his perilous task. That he was conscious of his peril, and contemplated the possibility—nay, the probability—of perishing in the fulfilment of the duty he had undertaken, is apparent from his own note in his diary. "I am," he says, "having all our letters of recommendation for the interior copied, to be sent home to Government, so that, if anything happen to us, they may know what kind of support we have received. If anything happen! The presence of that doubt gives a solemnity and an importance to the most trifling thing we do." Nor was the caution needless. Unhappily for the cause of science, after pursuing his explorations for nearly a twelvemonth, and penetrating 1500 miles into the heart of Africa, he died on the 4th of March 1851. He had been accompanied by Drs. Overweg and Barth, as naturalists; and news of the death of the former of these has lately reached England.

Mr. Richardson's directions were to investigate the geography, geology, and natural history of the countries of Central Africa, to ascertain their capacities for commerce, and to labour for the suppression of the slave-trade by showing the natives that other merchandise would be more profitable: a somewhat Quixotic undertaking.

Here is

A SCENE IN THE DESERT.

The country to-day was extremely pleasant, like some parts of the undulating county of Essex, after the harvest is gathered. I scarcely expected to find such reminiscences in Africa, on the frontiers of Damerghou. If the vegetation were all in leaf the scenery would be quite cheerful and happy-looking. The trees to-day thickened into forests down some slopes,—but there is nothing tropical in all this verdure: one or two plants, at most, are all that could be considered as such. Many gazelles glanced on either hand as we proceeded: the guinea-hen was in great numbers, thirty or forty together, old ones and chickens. They run very quickly through the forests, and cannot be taken in the day. At night, however, some are snared. They feed on the karengia, and get immensely plump. Their flesh is greatly esteemed. Doves show themselves in flights; and many beautiful small birds, some strangers to my eyes. One especially, a little black and white fellow, with an immense bushy tail. Vultures, in company with a variegated crow, were feeding on a dead camel. The curious crow has a white neck and breast. What a truly Saharan group is that which I have just noticed. The vulture feeding on a camel fallen in the desert, towards the end of an arduous journey!

Let us turn to another, yet further in the heart of the country.

RURAL LIFE AT MOURZUK.

28th.—I am studying rural life in the neighbourhood of Mourzuk, as if it were to be my occupation. Scarcely a day passes that I do not escape from the crowded town and wander, either morning or evening, into the gardens, the groves, and the fields. The water raised by rude machinery from the wells is always dancing along in little runnels. The chattering of women crosses my path right and left. Groups of labourers or gardeners occur frequently. A man this day valued a date-palm at a mabboub, and I am told that the greater number are not worth more than a shilling of English money. To avert the evil eye from the gardens, the people put up the head of an ass, or some portion of the bones of that animal. The same superstition prevails in all the oases that stud the north of Africa, from Egypt to the Atlantic, but the people are unwilling to explain what especial virtue there exists in an ass's skull. We go sometimes to shoot doves in the gardens; but these birds are very shy, and after the first shot fly from tree to tree and keep out of range. So we stroll about making observations, to console ourselves for the loss of sport. We noticed several cotton-bushes; but this useful plant is not cultivated here except that it may ornament the gardens with its green. I have just eaten of the heart of the date-tree. It is of a very delicious bitter, and is a choice dish at feasts. I met with a number of the suburban inhabitants engaged in celebrating a wedding. First came a group of women, dancing and throwing themselves into a variety of slow, languid, and lascivious postures, to the sound of some very primitive string-instrument. Towards this group all the women of the neighbouring huts were gathering, some merely as spectators, others bringing dishes of meat. Beyond was a crowd of men, among whom was the bridegroom helping the musicians to make a noise. These musicians were an old man and old woman, each

above ninety years of age. The latter beat a calabash with a stick, whilst the former drew a bow over a single string tied to another calabash. The bridegroom had got hold of a brass kettle, with which he supplied his contribution to the din. Preparations for supper were going on; and, the harmony announcing this fact, idlers were coming in flocks from the distant hamlets and the fields. Two new huts had been built, one for the bride and the other for the bridegroom.

Now for a bit of natural history.

THE RIVER OF WATERS.

About four o'clock in the afternoon there was a cry in the encampment—"El wady jae!" "The Wady is coming!" Going out to look, I saw a broad white sheet of foam advancing from the south between the trees of the valley. In ten minutes after a river of water came pouring along, and spread all around us, converting the place of our encampment into an isle of the valley. The current in its deepest part was very powerful, capable of carrying away sheep and cattle, and of uprooting trees. This is one of the most interesting phenomena I have witnessed during my present tour in Africa. The scene, indeed, was perfectly African. Rain had been observed falling in the south; black clouds and darkness covered that zone of the heavens; and an hour afterwards came pouring down this river of water into the dry, parched-up valley. This incident of Wady Tintaghoda explains the Scriptural phrase, "rivers of waters," for here indeed was a river of water appearing in an instant, and almost without notice.

We will accompany him in a

VISIT TO GREAT MEN.

I visited several personages this afternoon; first, the Sheereef Kebir, with whom I ate some broiled fish brought from a neighbouring lake, and some fine Bilma dates, soaked in milk. I asked him how it was that the Sheikh committed to the governors or sultans of the provinces the awful power of life and death. "Oh," replied he, "the Sheikh has given them this power that he might not be bothered with their reports about criminals. It is far better to finish quick with these people." Where there are periodical razzias the sacredness of human life is unknown, and the Sheereef has been, besides, many years in the camp of Abd-el-Kader, where a good deal of sanguinary work was carried on. He thought it, therefore, quite right that the Sheikh should not fatigue his sovereign conscience by deciding on the lives of criminals and other suspected persons, and that the sooner they were hung or slaughtered the better. From the Sheereef I passed on to the brother of the Sultan, a young man of mild manners. I entered the inner part of the house, where were the women. Verily the Zinder people have a strange love of dust, dirt, and bare mud walls. In the two or three bee-hive huts which I explored, there was not a single article of furniture, nor a mat to lie down upon. The brother of the Sultan was sitting by his sister, and both on the dust of the ground, without a mat. I am told, however, that they sleep on mats and skins, which are, indeed, cheap enough: two or three pence, or two or three hundred wadäs, would purchase a good one. The sister of the Sultan was coloured well with indigo, the dark blue of which replaces the yellow ochre of the ladies of fashion in Aheer. The Zinder lady had also the ends of the tufts of her hair—I cannot call them curls—formed into clayey sticks of macerated indigo. For the rest she had little clothing, her arms and bust being quite bare. All the other ladies with her were coloured in like fashion, and had their hair dressed in a similar manner.

And now for the ladies.

A SULTAN'S RELATIVE.

In the midst of our conversation a lady, one of the Sultan's female relations, came, moved no doubt by curiosity, into the room. She was evidently a fine dame, a person of fashion in this Saharan capital. Her countenance, in due obedience to the requirements of *ton*, was not "rouged up to the eyes," but "yellowed up to the eyes!" There cannot be a more appalling custom. Imagine a young lady, of brown-black complexion, daubed with brilliant yellow ochre! The paint covers the whole face, from the roots of the hair to the lower jaw, forming two semicircles with the upper lips. Between the eyes there are three black beauty spots, descending perpendicularly on the bridge of the nose. The eyebrows are blackened and joined, so as to form one immense arch across the face, under the yellow brow. Is it possible to disguise the human countenance more completely? The dark blue cotton skirt of this lady was turned up behind over her head, so as to form a kind of hood; but underneath she wore a coloured petticoat. Generally, the women of Tintalous wear a frock or chemise, and a piece of cotton wrapper over their head and shoulders. This wrapper, which serves as a shawl, is not unlike, in effect, the black veil worn by the Maltese women. The lady we saw at En-Noor wore a profusion of necklaces, armlets, and anklets of metal, wood, and horn. She gazed about for some time and then went her way. After asking and receiving permission to hoist the British flag over the tents, and to fire a salute, we imitated her example. This is my first success in diplomacy.

Mr. Richardson witnessed a

RETURN FROM A RAZZIA FOR SLAVES.

A cry was raised early this morning, "The Sarkee is coming!" Every one went out eagerly to learn the truth. It turned out that a string of captives, fruits of the razzia, was coming in. There cannot be in the world—there cannot be in the whole world—a more appalling spectacle than this. My head swam as I gazed. A single horseman rode first, showing the way, and the wretched captives followed him as if they had been used to this condition all their lives. Here were naked little boys running alone, perhaps thinking themselves upon a holiday; near at hand dragged mothers with babes at their breasts; girls of various ages, some almost ripened into womanhood, others still infantine in form and appearance; old men bent two-double with age, their trembling chins verging towards the ground; their poor old heads covered with white wool; aged women tottering along, leaning upon long staffs, more living skeletons;—such was the miscellaneous crowd that came first; and then followed the stout young men, ironed neck to neck! This was the first instalment of the black bullion of Central Africa; and as the wretched procession huddled through the gateways into the town the creditors of the Sarkee looked gloatingly on through their lazy eyes, and calculated on speedy payment.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

A Broken Echo. London: Pickering.

Forest and Fireside Hours. By WESTBY GIBSON. Aylott and Co.

Poems and Lyrics. By S. N. ELRLINGTON. Orr and Co.

The Patriot. By J. W. KING. Chapman.

The Holiday. Pickering.

The Solitary, with other Poems in English and Latin. By MARY BENN. Masters.

Cum Dhu and other Poems. By the Author of "Themis." Effingham Wilson.

THE intervals of great poetic eras merely tax the industry of the critic without arousing his enthusiasm or awakening his profundity. Old Egypt is blessed and fertilised once a year by the overflow of the waters of the Nile; scarcely once in a century do aggregate poetic minds and moods send forth a sufficiency of thought to give riches and imperishable food to "this working-day world." The shoals of poems, which the strictest diligence cannot clear from our table, too evidently show that such poems belong to the unsubstantial and undecided; that they are, in fact, things born and bred in Nature's mental repose, in the intervals of large poetic eras, when mind is silently growing towards a more Titanic life. We are satisfied and hopeful because we know that the growth of poetry, just now, is in the unspoken. If we tolerate the tattlers and twaddlers of the so-called "divine art," it is because that in the main they are harmless to the public, and profitable, sometimes, to the printer. Of the batch of books whose appellations head this article, we cannot single out one of large meaning and real distinctive existence. It is true that they differ, not indeed in degrees of light, like stars, but in mere rhythmical aptitude. We listen in vain for the tone of some sublime idea which shall grow into the very soul like heavenly music. In the place of this we must be content with sounds of an inferior kind, such as *A Broken Echo*, which is the name of the first book on our list. This is by no means the worst poem in the batch; but the name is unfortunate. The author best knows what he meant by the title; but when he describes Chamouni, the Mer du Glace, Leman's waters, and Jura's heights, and does it with no intense originality, we hardly recognise the outline of his form in the excessive light which streams from Coleridge and Byron. There are earthly minds like the splendour of the seraph mentioned by Moore, which cannot be approached without consuming those who draw too near. If the writer of *A Broken Echo* is young, let him avoid in future everything that may excite comparison. His poem is promising, but lacks self-reliance.

Forest and Fireside Hours are notable, inasmuch as the writer, albeit shut up in one of those old city offices which are deprived entirely of sunlight and almost of air, yet finds time to tell the world how blissful a thing poetry is and has been to him. It is quite refreshing to hear him singing from his gloomy rooms, like a lark from a cage, of the freedom which exists in green meadows, and the loveliness ever smiling from the wayside flowers. Mr. GIBSON is secondary in this sense, that his sympathies with the Beautiful are intenser than his vocal expressions. The happy mingling of both constitutes the per-

fect poet. These poems have the smack of methodical musings; the poet has mused for a purpose, to the end that out of these musings verses may spring. This, from his position, might have been expected, and we bring it not as an accusation of weakness. The opportunities which Shelley possessed of constant and intimate acquaintance with Nature made the spontaneity of the Skylark the best representative of the gushings of his own heart. The memory of beautiful objects, consequent on a long departure from their presence, is not all that is required for the purposes of poetry. A personal and a frequent dwelling in their midst is necessary for freshness of delineation. In one case, if we may use an illustration, we are reminded of manhood soberly retracing a path which once gave delight; in the other we have the picture of childhood springing ever forward, and plucking the blossoms where they grow on the boughs. We trust Mr. Gibson will not be discouraged by our remarks. His opportunities to make a sterling poet are not great, but he has made the most of his scanty means, and we shall be glad to welcome him again.

Poems and Lyrics, by S. N. ELRLINGTON, are really pretty. That is the term most expressive and appropriate. It would not be fair to say that we have here no masculine thought, and no breadth of conception, for the poems are mainly lyrical, and rely for popularity on some sparkling idea, and in aptitude and elegance of expression. Many of the lyrics have been set to music by composers of varied merit; and we are pleased to say that Mr. Elrlington has written better songs than three-fourths of those which occupy modern fashionable drawing-rooms.

The Patriot, dedicated to Mazzini, indicates its character by the dedication. It is not so volcanic as *The Plaint of Freedom* which we noticed in our last issue. It has no passages of rude energy. Its denunciations are rather sharp than fiery; they rather wound tyranny by direct speech, than burn it up, as it were, by the subtle flame of indignation darting from a lofty intelligence. As a literary work this poem has not much merit; its chief recommendation seems to be a sympathy with suffering humanity, and enthusiasm in the cause of freedom.

The Holiday is an unpretending tale descriptive of the country haunts and delight of childhood,—that elastic time which bears the nearest earthly resemblance to the lost Eden. The style is chaste, and the description sensible and natural. This poem will make no stir in the world, being only the production of a cultivated, not of an extraordinary mind.

Of more pretension, but less successful, are *The Solitary, and other Poems*, by MARY BENN. Now this writer has clouded the exquisite hues of poetry by cumbrous truism, and by the use of materials which are merely the affectations of erudition. Discoursing of Nature, we are told that the writer

Turns her subtle pages reverently,
Studying the mysteries of her workshop.

Now this is precisely to what we object—this police mode of ransacking a "workshop." Science gains nothing by the mode, and poetry is a considerable loser. Take the following stanzas, and say if they do not exhibit a most unsuccessful way of wedding science to poetry, and making both provokingly ridiculous.

Turn to thyself—a subject worth thy pains,
Couldst thou but ope thy bosom to thine eye;
What is the moving power which thus maintains
Thy heart in throbs of nice equality?
Why does thy blood run upward in thy veins,
Against the force of gravity? And why
Do thy small feet support thy body's weight?
Couldst thou a statue, even so poised, create?
What are the fibres—what the secret link
That marries mind to matter? What bestows
Upon this unctuous mass the power to think,
Which the deep caverns of thy head inclose?
Why does that power cease at thy cranium's brink,
And not pervade thy marrow? Look on those
Thick rings and plates of armour, where may dwell
That marrow safe within its citadel.

Is it not enough to make the ghosts of Harvey, Hunter, and Orfila smile to see themselves dressed out in the silks and satins of the modern muses? Then again the muse is made to invade other sciences, and she discourses eloquently about the sun, whether it is "a star, a world, a flame, a hell!" and to make an effective peroration, a host of respectable ancients are dragged in, thus:—

Moses, Isaiah, Samuel, Solomon,
The Stagirite, the Samian, Socrates,
Lycurgus, Solon, Plato, Philip's son,
Romulus, Cæsar, Tullius, Pericles,
Mohammed, Zoroaster,—all who won

Fame by deeds, systems, falsehoods, dreams, crimes, these
Whom we scarce name as mortals of this sphere,
Have gazed upon thy face, as I do here.

To be sure they have; we never read that any of the above were blind, and we suspect the same sun was shining above them as above us. If critics are to allow such absurdities, who shall say to what dilation and diffuseness versification will lead? There is the less excuse for this writer because she really possesses many merits, and it is necessary to be severe, in order to prevent a recurrence of similar wordiness. The writer will find opposition and prejudice against her Latin verses. We question whether there is much gained by falling away from the classical metres, and writing Latin verses as if they were English lyrics. Granted that we gain something in grace and music, do we not lose in breadth and dignity? However, the plan is novel and bold, and is entitled to consideration. It would be unfair to conclude this notice without drawing special attention to one poem, "The Warning," which some time since appeared in the *Nation* newspaper. It is illustrative of the wrongs of Ireland, and possesses unusual lyrical force and melody.

Who is the author of *Themis*? It may be that we expose our ignorance by the query, but we read that the same author is the originator of *Cum Dhu* and other Poems, which are before us. This unknown writer is unusually versatile; he has adopted all descriptions of stanzas, ending with the difficult sonnet, and in each he is unmistakably individual. Wordsworth was fearful that railways would destroy the poetical aspect of the country; but he could have had no intuitive glance, which as a poet he ought to have had, of the delectable poetry which the rail itself would call forth from future minstrels. "A Song for the Rail," in the book under notice, shows how common things—even a vulgar third-class van for instance—may discourse sweet music to uncommon minds. Here is an example:—

Can you the singing urn compare
With the boiler's roaring hiss?
The clatter of china rich or rare
With the buffer's sounding kiss?

Then, again, the heroic determination to be always in the immediate neighbourhood of this melodious "buffer," is illustratively given.

Then place my van upon the rail,
For other home I'll have none;
Nor house but that, which like a snail,
I carry my back upon.

We cannot help thinking that a writer usually so correct and elegant, must have made a slight mistake here, which we advise him to correct in a new edition. If Atlas carried the world on his shoulders, it is not so evident that a modern man can carry a railway van on his back—at least we have never seen such a man. What pleases us most in our author is the extensiveness of his sympathies, and the largeness of his sensibilities, which reach to the lowest animals in creation. Stanzas "To a Pig," and "To Twin Calves" show these admirably. Addressing the former we have—

Dirty, too, you are, but why?
Don't they shut you in a sty?
And there you lie.

Piggy, you are quite as good,
When your nature's understood,
As other mud.

This last line gives us an insight into the religious scruples of the author; he is evidently an Israelite. Addressing the twin calves, he shows at once the philosophical and speculative turn of his mind.

Poor things! you must have passed a weary time,
Shut up all winter in this noisome cote;
Imprisoned three long months, yet for no crime,
For you could neither poach, nor forge bank notes.

I wonder if you know when you were born;
Or if you think that you're not born at all;
From your fond lowing mother rudely torn,
And straightway tether'd to this dismal wall.

By-and-bye the calves are "turned out," and then the poetic atmosphere brightens.

I love to mark your innocent surprise,
To watch the working of each waken'd sense:
The meekness mirror'd in those wild blue eyes,
That say, you neither mean, nor take offence.

Of all the races that were ever run,
By horses, donkeys, or by men in sacks,
None can surpass, in real genuine fun,
A match of calves, fresh loosed from their racks.

Enjoy then, while you may, youth's happy hour;
For I could always wish myself a calf.

The wish is superfluous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert: being the result of a second expedition undertaken for the trustees of the British Museum.
By AUSTIN H. LAYARD, M.P. 1853.

ALL who are interested in the antiquities of the East will welcome the publication of a new work concerning them, from the experienced pen of Mr. LAYARD. From our first cursory glance at the contents of the bulky volume before us, we augured Mr. Layard had been as energetic and successful in his last as in his previous researches—a more deliberate perusal of its varied contents confirmed us in our opinion. He appears also to have been peculiarly fortunate in his intercourse with the wild, primitive tribes of the East, with whom he came in contact; and to have temporarily adopted the customs of these picturesque wanderers of the desert with a certain amount of gusto and good will, which lends of itself an additional attraction to his narrative. Mr. Layard sleeps as well in his open tent on the boundless expanse of the desert as in a West-end hotel. But he is one of the few Eastern tourists who have successfully studied the Eastern character; and to his success in the difficult art of managing his associates, from the Bedouin chief to his Jebour workmen, may, we think, be attributed in no small degree the happy results of the expedition. Our author begins by informing us that, at the request of the trustees of the British Museum, he furnished them with a plan for further researches in the antiquities of the East, which he thought well calculated to increase our knowledge of them, as it included not only Assyria but the neighbouring districts of Babylonia. This scheme was not adopted by the trustees, from economical considerations, as Mr. Layard seems to imply; and he was merely commissioned to resume the excavations of Nineveh. The party consisted of an artist (Mr. Cooper), Dr. Sandwith, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, and attendants. In his route through Armenia and Kurdistan, Mr. Layard did not omit to critically observe the effects of the reforms lately introduced by the Sultan, of which he gives an unfavourable report. The modern system of centralisation, which destroyed the power of the mountain chiefs who exercised a control over their subjects, independent of the sovereign, has replaced them by the rule of a mercenary bureaucracy at Constantinople, who are indifferent to, or ignorant of, the wants of the inhabitants of these remote districts of the empire. Mr. Layard informs us he has met with many favourable specimens of the old Turkish nobility, and gives us a description of one by whom he was entertained in his ancient castle, in confirmation of his opinion. The portrait is doubtless a true one; but it cannot be denied that the class in question have hitherto borne an evil reputation, and been considered very much akin to petty tyrants and freebooters. We should be somewhat inclined to doubt whether the mere tourist through a country can have sufficient opportunity of judging of the behaviour of these semi-independent nobles towards their dependents. An Eastern chieftain is no doubt a highly picturesque personage for the traveller to contemplate, generally given to the practice of the Mussulman virtue of hospitality, and sometimes also that of almsgiving; but, as the power which he formerly exercised was irresponsible, we should think that, like despotic power elsewhere, it was perpetually abused. A regular code of laws must be a good substitute for such authority, even though those laws may be for a time badly administered. The rule of the old Turkish nobility appears to us to greatly resemble the feudal system of the Middle Ages in Europe; and as the reforms introduced by the Sultan are an approach at least to the constitutional system of modern times, we are disposed to welcome the change as an earnest for the future progress of civilisation in one of the finest countries in the world. Mr. Layard himself admits that a change of some sort in the old plan was become inevitable with the Government of the Porte. That the manners and customs of the East have remained unaltered during the lapse of centuries, Mr. Layard gives an instance in the Armenian villages, which he describes to be the same now as when Xenophon traversed Armenia. They remind us of an Irish cabin, being mud huts, or rather holes, cut in the sides of a hill, in which men, women, pigs, cattle, and children, are all found huddled together; and Mr. Layard

tells us that the traveller is often first warned of his proximity to one of these primitive habitations by the accident of his horse's hoofs slipping down the hole intended for a chimney. Nor is the condition of their priesthood much better. After passing the splendid lake, or rather inland sea, of Wan, and some districts filled with the more thriving villages of the Kurds, Mr. Layard came upon an Armenian monastery, inhabited by a bishop and two monks, whose abode he thus describes, at a place called Akhlat.

They dwelt in a small low room, scarcely lighted by a hole, carefully blocked up by a sheet of oiled paper to shut out the cold; dark, musty, and damp, a very parish clerk in England would have shuddered at the sight of such a residence. Their bed was a carpet worn to threads spread on the rotten boards, their diet the coarsest sandy bread, and a little sour curds, with beans and mangy meat for a jubilee. A miserable old woman sat in a kind of vault underneath the staircase, preparing their food, and passing her days in pushing to and fro with her skinny hands the goat's skin containing the milk to be shaken into butter. She was the housekeeper and handmaiden of the episcopal establishment. The church was somewhat higher, though even darker, than the dwelling-room, and was partly used to store a heap of mouldy corn and primitive agricultural implements. The whole was well and strongly built, and had the evident marks of antiquity. The bishop showed me a rude cross carved in a rock outside the convent, which he declared had been cut by one of the disciples of the Saviour himself. It is, at any rate, considered a relic of great sanctity, and is an object of pilgrimage for the surrounding Christian population.

This village of Akhlat, it appears, had been pillaged by a notorious freebooter, Mehemet Bey, who had taken up his abode in the church for a whole year, living upon the slender stock of provisions belonging to the priests, and had compelled many Christians to leave the village through his tyranny. A principal feature of Eastern scenery is the still magnificent mausoleums and tombs. We want the aid of the excellent plates with which Mr. Layard has so profusely illustrated his work to set them before the eyes of the reader; but, failing that, we cannot do better than quote his own description of one.

Emerging from the gardens, and crossing a part of the great burying-ground, I came upon a well-preserved mausoleum of the same deep red stone, now glowing in the rays of the sun; its conical roof rested on columns and arches, and on a *kubbeh*, or place to direct the face in prayer, decorated with all the richness yet elegance of Eastern taste. The cornice supporting the roof was formed by many bands of ornament, each equally graceful, though differing one from the other. The columns stood on a base rising about nine feet from the ground, the upper part of which was adorned with panels, each varying in shape, and containing many-angled recesses, decorated with different patterns, and the lower part projected at an angle with the rest of the building. In this basement was the chamber; the mortal remains of its royal occupant had long ago been torn away and thrown to the dust. Around the *turbah* were scattered richly-carved head and foot stones, marking the graves of less noble men; and the whole was enclosed by a grove of lofty trees, the dark blue lake glittering beyond. Whilst the scene was worthy of the pencil of a Turner, each detail in the building was a study for an architect. Tradition names the tomb that of Sultan Baiandour, one of the chiefs of the great Tatar tribes, who crossed the frontiers of Persia in the fifteenth century. The building, still resisting decay, is used as a store-house for grain and straw by a degenerate race, utterly unmindful of the glories of their ancestors.

Such is the contrast daily seen in the East between the past and the present. Our travellers had now reached the valleys of Assyria. The road they travelled had been, in past times of Turkish prosperity, one of the great highways leading from central Armenia to Bagdad. Here and there they beheld the ruins of some fine old khan, with its dark recesses and vaulted niches blackened with the smoke of centuries; and they also passed through an ancient tunnel by which the road is carried through a mass of calcareous rock, which is attributed, like most other public works of the country, to Sultan Murad, during his memorable expedition against Bagdad in 1638. The next most interesting places on their route were the villages of the sect called Yezedis, through which our author passed in a sort of triumphant procession in consequence of his good offices on their behalf with the Porte. At a town called Redwan, Mr. Layard was favoured with a sight of a certain celebrated relic, which the priests of the sect carry round with them every year when they collect the revenue for their chief. It is called the Melek Taous, or Brazen Peacock; and Mr. Layard, who

was taken to see it at the house of the high priest, describes it thus:

It was some time before my eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the dim light to distinguish an object from which a large red coverlet had been raised on my entrance. The Cawals (priests) drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloth on which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Bagdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird in the same metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a peacock. Its peculiar workmanship indicated some antiquity; but I could see no traces of inscription upon it. Before it stood a copper bowl to receive contributions, and a bag to contain the bird and stand, which takes to pieces when carried from place to place.

Our author believes this singular relic is not worshipped as an idol by the sect of the Yezedis, but is regarded as a symbol or banner of the house of their chief, Houssein Bey. Near Mosul, Mr. Layard once more beheld from an eminence the scene of his former labours—the long line of lofty mounds which are the sole remains of the ancient Nineveh, and the white cone of the tomb of the prophet Jonah seen in the distance. Here he resumed the excavations. The conical mound which formed the north-western corner of the vast ruins of Nimroud, Mr. Layard believes to be the tomb of King Sardanapalus, which, according to the Greek geographers, stood at the entrance to the city. It appears to have been in the form of a vast square tower: the ruin being 140 feet high, Mr. Layard considers the building could not have been less than 200; and from the immense mass of rubbish surrounding it, he thinks it may even have been more. A narrow gallery, 100 feet long, twelve feet high, and six feet broad, which was blocked up at both ends, without any entrance, Mr. Layard believes to have been the tomb of the monarch. But although he made cuttings in various directions of this enormous ruin, he could not find the remains of Sardanapalus, which, from various indications on the surface, he concluded had been pillaged and stolen by robbers, who had dug into the face of the mound when the edifice was in ruins, and consequently long after the fall of the empire. This is, of course, much to be regretted, as many valuable relics of the arts and history of Assyria would be doubtless deposited in the tomb of the monarch. More important results even than this were obtained from the discoveries made by Mr. Layard at the ruined palace of Kouyunjik. The façade of the south-east side of the palace, forming apparently the grand entrance to the edifice, was discovered. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions, were here grouped together; and the length of the whole, without including the sculptured walls, was 180 feet. Although the bas reliefs to the right of the northern gateway had been injured with some sharp instrument, Mr. Layard succeeded in discovering that they represented the conquest of a country, watered with a broad river, and wooded with palm-trees, which bore a resemblance to the plains of Babylonia; and on the corner of a slab almost destroyed was a representation of a hanging garden, supported on columns. On the great bulls, forming the centre portal of the grand entrance, was a long inscription, injured in parts, but still legible; and on the four bulls of the façade were two more, which were found to be of the same import. Both recorded the history of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, whom Mr. Layard believes to have been the builder of the palace of Kouyunjik. These and other inscriptions were deciphered by Colonel Rawlinson, and found to record the campaigns of Sennacherib against the cities of Palestine, and other events mentioned in the Old Testament. The Assyrian monarch here styles himself “the subduer of kings from the upper sea of the setting sun (the Mediterranean) to the lower sea of the rising sun (the Persian Gulf).” Then comes a description of his expedition against Merodach Baladin, who is called King of Kar-Duniyas, a country comprising the southern portion of Mesopotamia: defeated by the Assyrian monarch, Merodach Baladin flies before him, and the taking of his treasures and slaves, with the conquest of all the castles of the Chaldeans, and eight hundred and twenty villages dependent on them, are represented. The invasion of Syria and the country north of Nineveh is afterwards recorded, together with a description of a great battle fought with the Egyptians; and then comes an important inscription, which chronicles his expedition against King Hezekiah, demanding a tribute from him,

and the carrying of the spoil from Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and 800 talents of silver, and the slaves of the Jewish king, to his own city of Nineveh. These inscriptions, as our author remarks, agree with the account given in the Old Testament of the invasion of the Assyrian king; the only discrepancy being the less amount of silver mentioned in the Book of Kings as having been paid by the Jewish monarch. This is satisfactorily accounted for by our author, on the supposition that, being much pressed by Sennacherib, Hezekiah gave him all the treasure from the temple, even cutting off the gold from its doors and pillars to satisfy his demands. The Bible, he considers, therefore, to only record the actual amount of money given, and not the treasure which was carried away. All the subsequent wars of Sennacherib are recorded in the sculptures and inscriptions with apparently equal fidelity. It is also remarkable that in the sculptures which represent the taking of Lachish, the town besieged by Sennacherib when he first demanded the tribute from Hezekiah, the peculiar traits of the Jewish physiognomy may be traced on the countenances of the captives. Mr. Layard also gives us an account of a large number of pieces of fine clay bearing the impressions of seals which were found in a chamber of Kouyunjik. These appeared to have been affixed to documents written on leather or papyrus, probably deposited in the archives of the empire. The King is generally the principal object, depicted in a variety of attitudes; but the seals most remarkable for beauty of design or execution were some that represented horsemen at full speed, one raising a spear, the other hunting a stag. These impressions Mr. Layard declares to be little inferior to the Greek intaglios. We cannot stop to dwell upon the numerous other objects of interest, such as the bronze bowls, arms and armour, and various objects in metal, subsequently discovered at the palace of Nimroud. The most remarkable was a rock-crystal lens, with opposite convex and plane surfaces, found beneath a heap of fragments of blue opaque glass; and which is conjectured by Sir David Brewster, who examined it, to have been used as a lens for magnifying or for concentrating the rays of the sun. On the 19th of March Mr. Layard and his companions quitted Mosul for a journey across the desert to the banks of the river Klabour, in the vicinity of which he had been informed there were some antiquities worthy of examination. This river, we are informed by our author, is the Habor or Chabor of the Samaritan captivity. The party consisted of as many as a hundred persons, and were under the guidance and protection of a Bedouin chief called Sheikh Suttum and his tribe. As this personage figures somewhat largely in Mr. Layard's pages, and appears a true type of the genuine Arab of the Desert, we extract his description of him.

Suttum rode a light fleet dromedary, which had been taken in a plundering expedition from the Aneyza. Its name was Dihwaila. Its high and picturesque saddle was profusely ornamented with brass bosses and nails; over the seat was thrown the Baghdad double bags, adorned with long tassels and fringes of many-coloured wools, so much coveted by the Bedouin. The Sheikh had the general direction and superintendence of our march. The Mesopotamian Desert had been his home from his birth, and he knew every spring and pasture. He was of the Saadi, one of the most illustrious families of the Shammar, and he possessed great personal influence with his tribe. His intelligence was of a very high order, and he was as well known for his skill in Bedouin intrigue, as for his courage and daring in war. In person he was of middle height, of spare habit, but well made, and of noble and dignified carriage; although a musket wound in the thigh, from which the ball had not been extracted, gave him a slight lameness in his gait. His features were regular and well-proportioned, and of that delicate character so frequently met with amongst the nomades of the Desert. A restless and sparkling eye of the deepest black spoke the inner man, and seemed to scan and penetrate everything within its view. His dark hair was plaited into many long tails; his beard, like that of the Arabs in general, was scanty. He wore the usual Arab shirt, and over it a cloak of blue cloth, trimmed with red silk, and lined with fur, a present from some Pasha, as he pretended, but more probably a part of some great man's wardrobe that had been appropriated without its owner's consent. A coloured kerchief or keffiyeh was thrown loosely over his head, and confined above the temples by a rope of twisted camel's hair. At his side hung a scimitar; an antique horse pistol was held by a rope tied as a girdle round his waist; and a long spear, tufted with black ostrich feathers, and ornamented with scarlet streamers,

rested on his shoulder. He was the very picture of a true Bedouin Sheikh, and his liveliness, his wit, and his singular powers of conversation, which made him the most agreeable of companions, did not belie his race.

(To be continued.)

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded. Together with corroborative Statements, verifying the Truth of the Work. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Low and Son, &c.

BETWEEN this volume and its world-renowned predecessor there is precisely the difference that we feel in witnessing real suffering and wrong and reading of imaginary woes. The latter are even more touching at the moment, but they do not make the profound impression of the former; they are more attractive—for we do not dislike the excitement that is purely ideal—while we shrink with positive pain from the vision of actual tortures which we cannot relieve. Thus it is with the two volumes published by Mrs. Stowe. The readers who found in the scenes so powerfully depicted in the novel the source of new and not unpleasant emotions—who felt their bosoms alternately glowing with the indignant sense of outraged humanity, and throbbing in sympathy with the oppressed—will turn with eagerness to the volume just issued from the same pen, expecting a revival of sensations that were not disagreeable; but they will be disappointed. Although there is no incident of slave-life in the novel, however terrible or touching, which is not surpassed by the true tales collected in *The Key* to it; although every abomination of slavery painted by the novelist is surpassed fourfold by the facts collected for her own justification; we suspect that there are few who have wept over the fiction who will weep also over the fact. And wherefore? Because it is too true. It is the difference between the sight of suffering and the imagination of it; between beholding the agonies of death and contemplating in poetical mood the passing away of the soul as depicted by the poet and the novelist.

But, if this volume will not be so wept over as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—if it does not produce the same flush of excitement—it will have a far more profound and permanent effect upon the public opinion of the world. It will not be so much talked about at tea-tables, nor will it summon another Convention of the Ladies of England to provoke a retort from the Ladies of America; but it will move the minds of men and of statesmen; it will make many active opponents among those who have been hitherto only passive objectors to the slave system. It will, mayhap, shame into silence those who now talk so impudently of the "domestic institution," and who try to veil its hideousness under the new name of "involuntary servitude." Perhaps it may serve to rebuke the spirit of democracy in Europe, by showing in its true colour what democracy is, and does, and sanctions, in the most democratic country on the face of the earth: it may tame some extravagant aspirants after "liberty and equality" to learn what "liberty" means where it is supposed to be greatest, and how "equality" is practised by those who preach it most loudly.

For once, then, here is a book in which the truth exceeds the warmest colouring of fiction. Mrs. Stowe contemplated only a justification of herself against the charges of falsehood and exaggeration so freely lavished upon her by the slavery party in America; but she has undesignedly produced an array of testimony that not only confirms her to the letter, but heaps up new and unimagined proofs for their condemnation. Here at least there is no fable, no feigning, no fancy, no invention, no colouring, no prejudice, no jaundiced eyes, no malicious pen, no fanaticism. The facts have been collected, every one of them, from authentic documents, from public records, from trials in courts, from the judgments of learned judges, from state papers, from the confessions of the upholders of the system. Here we find that every character in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not only painted after the life, but almost from the life; and that, so far from any one being exaggerated, they are rather under-drawn than otherwise. But we will not detain the reader with more preliminaries from the substance of the book itself. Of course it will be read by everybody; and in this expectation it is shortly to appear in a cheap form, for the advantage of the general public. As many of

our readers will probably await the publication of the more inexpensive edition, they will be pleased to obtain in the meanwhile some insight into its contents by means of extracts; and to them we will turn without further introduction.

Mrs. Stowe has collected the arguments in support of slavery from law reports, from the newspapers and magazines, from sermons (!), from missionary papers (!), from the Conferences of the Methodists (!), &c.—citing the very words of the authorities; and then she presents a useful summary of these arguments, which we extract. It is contended by the friends of slavery:

1. That slavery is an innocent and lawful relation, as much as that of parent and child, husband and wife, or any other lawful relation of society. (Harmony Pres., S. C.)
2. That it is consistent with the most fraternal regard for the good of the slave. (Charleston Union Pres., S. C.)
3. That masters ought not to be disciplined for selling slaves without their consent. (New School Pres. Church, Petersburg, Va.)
4. That the right to buy, sell, and hold men for purposes of gain, was given by express permission of God. (James Smylie and his Presbyteries.)
4. That the laws which forbid the education of the slave are right, and meet the approbation of the reflecting part of the Christian community. (Ibid.)
6. That the fact of slavery is not a question of morals at all, but is purely one of political economy. (Charleston Baptist Association.)
7. The right of masters to dispose of the time of their slaves has been distinctly recognised by the Creator of all things. (Ibid.)
8. That slavery, as it exists in these United States, is not a moral evil. (Georgia Conference, Methodist.)
9. That, without a new revelation from Heaven, no man is entitled to pronounce slavery wrong.
10. That the separation of slaves by sale should be regarded as separation by death, and the parties allowed to marry again. (Shiloh Baptist Ass. and Savannah River Ass.)
11. That the testimony of coloured members of the churches shall not be taken against a white person. (Methodist Church.)

Let us now see how the assertions are borne out by the facts. *Fraser's Magazine*, which mingles socialism, rationalism, deism, and blackguardism with its patronage of slavery, had in its vulgar way denounced Mrs. Stowe as a calumniator of the slaveowners. In reply, she contents herself with copying the advertisements which appeared in two numbers only of a Carolinian newspaper. These are some of them:—

"*Sheriff's Sales for January 2, 1853.*"

"By virtue of sundry writs of *fieri facias*, to me directed, will be sold before the Court House in Columbia, within the legal hours, on the first Monday and Tuesday in January next,

"Seventy-four acres of Land, more or less, in Richland District, bounded on the north and east by Lorick's, and on the south and west by Thomas Trapp.

"Also, Ten Head of Cattle, Twenty-five Head of Hogs, and Two Hundred Bushels of Corn, levied on as the property of M. A. Wilson, at the suit of Samuel Gardner v. M. A. Wilson.

"Seven Negroes, named Grace, Frances, Edmund, Charlotte, Emmeline, Thomas, and Charles, levied on as the property of Bartholomew Turnipseed, at the suit of A. F. Dubard, J. S. Lever, Bank of the State, and others, v. B. Turnipseed.

"450 acres of Land, more or less, in Richland District, bounded on the north, &c. &c.

"*Large Sale of Real and Personal Property.—Estate Sale.*"

"On Monday, the (7th) seventh day of February next, I will sell at auction, without reserve, at the Plantation, near Linden, all the Horses, Mules, Waggon, Farming Utensils, Corn, Fodder, &c.

"And on the following Monday (14th), the fourteenth day of February next, at the Court House, at Linden, in Marengo County, Alabama, I will sell at public auction, without reserve, to the highest bidder,

"110 PRIME AND LIKELY NEGROES, belonging to the Estate of the late John Robinson, of South Carolina.

"Among the Negroes are four valuable Carpenters and a very superior Blacksmith.

"*Negroes for Sale.*"

"By permission of Peter Wylie, Esq., Ordinary for Chester District, I will sell, at public auction, before the Court House, in Chesterville, on the first Monday in February next,

"FORTY LIKELY NEGROES, belonging to the Estate of F. W. Davie.

"W. D. DE SAUSSURE, Executor.

"Dec. 23. 56 †ds.

"Also,

"At same time, a quantity of New Brick, belonging to Estate of A. S. Johnstone, deceased.

"Dec. 21. 53 †ds.

"Great Sale of Negroes and the Saluda Factory, by J. and L. T. Levin.

"On Thursday, December 30, at 11 o'clock, will be sold at the Court House in Columbia,

ONE HUNDRED VALUABLE NEGROES.

"It is seldom such an opportunity occurs as now offers. Among them are only four beyond 45 years old, and none above 50. There are twenty-five prime young men, between 16 and 30; forty of the most likely young women, and as fine a set of Children as can be shown!"

"Terms, &c.

Dec. 18, '52."

It has been objected that George Harris is too refined for a slave. Hear Mrs. Stowe's answers, with numerous instances. Here is one related to her by a lady at Boston:—

She, with her brother, was, as is often the case, both the children and slaves of their master. At his death they were left to his legitimate daughter as her servants, and treated with as much consideration as very common kind of people may be expected to show to those who were entirely and in every respect at their disposal. The wife of her brother ran away to Canada; and as there was some talk of selling her and her child, in consequence of some embarrassment in the family affairs, her brother, a fine-spirited young man, determined to effect her escape, also, to a land of liberty. He concealed her for some time in the back part of an obscure dwelling in the city, till he could find an opportunity to send her off. While she was in this retreat, he was indefatigable in his attentions to her, frequently bringing her fruit and flowers, and doing everything he could to beguile the weariness of her imprisonment. At length, the steward of a vessel whom he had obliged offered to conceal him on board the ship, and give him a chance to escape. The noble-hearted fellow, though tempted by an offer which would enable him immediately to join his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, preferred to give this offer to his sister; and, during the absence of the captain of the vessel, she and her child were brought on board and secreted. The captain, when he returned and discovered what had been done, was very angry, as the thing, if detected, would have involved him in very serious difficulties. He declared at first that he would send the woman up into town to gaol; but, by her entreaties and those of the steward, was induced to wait till evening, and send word to her brother to come and take her back. After dark the brother came on board, and, instead of taking his sister away, began to appeal to the humanity of the captain in the most moving terms. He told his sister's history and his own, and pleaded eloquently his desire for her liberty. The captain had determined to be obdurate; but, alas! he was only a man. Perhaps he had himself a wife and child—perhaps he felt that, were he in the young man's case, he would do just so for his sister. Be it as it may, he was at last overcome. He said to the young man, "I must send you away from my ship; I'll put off a boat and see you get into it, and you must row off, and never let me see your faces again; and if, after all, you should come back and get on board, it will be your fault and not mine." So, in the rain and darkness, the young man and his sister and child were lowered over the side of the vessel, and rowed away. After a while the ship weighed anchor, but before she reached Boston it was discovered that the woman and child were on board.

Another feature of slavery still more impudently denied by its advocates is shown in this affecting

STORY OF EMILY RUSSELL.

Among those unfortunates guilty of loving freedom too well, was a beautiful young quadroon girl, named Emily Russell, whose mother is now living in New York. The writer has seen and conversed with her. She is a pious woman, highly esteemed and respected, a member of a Christian church. By the avails of her own industry she purchased her freedom, and also redeemed from bondage some of her children. Emily was a resident of Washington, D. C., a place which belongs not to any State, but to the United States, and there, under the laws of the United States, she was held as a slave. She was of a gentle disposition and amiable manners; she had been early touched with a sense of religious things, and was on the very point of uniting herself to the Christian church; but her heart yearned after her widowed mother and after freedom, and so, on the fatal night when all the other poor victims sought escape by the *Pearl*, the child Emily went also among them. They were taken. The sin of the poor girl was inexpiable. Because she longed for her mother's arms and for liberty she could not be forgiven. Nothing would do for such a sin but to throw her into the hands of the trader. She also was thrown into Bruin and Hill's gaol, in Alexandria. Her poor mother in New York received the following letter from her. Read it, Christian mother, and think what if your daughter had written it to you!

"Alexandria, Jan. 22, 1850.

"My dear mother, I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, to inform you that I am in Bruin's Jail, and Aunt Sally and all of her children, and Aunt Hagar and all her children; and grand-mother is almost crazy. My dear mother, will you please to come on as soon as you can? I expect to go away very shortly. O, mother! my dear mother!

come now and see your distressed and heart-broken daughter once more! Mother, my dear mother! do not forsake me, for I feel desolate. Please to come now.

"Your daughter,

EMILY RUSSELL.

"To Mrs. Nancy Cartwright, New York.

"P.S.—If you do not come as far as Alexandria, come to Washington, and do what you can."

That letter, blotted and tear-soiled, was brought by this poor washerwoman to some Christian friends in New York, and shown to them. "What do you suppose they will ask for her?" was her question. All that she had—her little house, her little furniture, her small earnings—all these poor Nancy was willing to throw in; but all these were but as a drop to a bucket. The first thing to be done, then, was to ascertain what Emily could be redeemed for; and, as it may be an interesting item of American trade, we give the reply of the traders in full:—

"Alexandria, Jan. 31, 1850.

"Dear Sir,—When I received your letter I had not bought the negroes you spoke of, but since that time I have bought them. All I have to say about the matter is, that we paid very high for the negroes, and cannot afford to sell the girl Emily for less than 1800 dollars. This may seem a high price to you, but, cotton being very high, consequently slaves are high. We have two or three offers for Emily from gentlemen from the south. She is said to be the finest-looking woman in this country. As for Hagar and her seven children, we will take 2500 dollars for them. Sally and her four children, we will take for them 2800 dollars. You may seem a little surprised at the difference in prices, but the difference in the negroes makes the difference in price. We expect to start south with the negroes on the 8th February, and if you intend to do anything, you had better do it soon.—Yours respectfully,

"BRUIN and HILL."

This letter came to New York before the case of the Edmonsons had called the attention of the community to this subject. The enormous price asked entirely discouraged effort, and before any thing of importance was done they heard that the coffin had departed, with Emily in it. Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! Let it be known in all the countries of the earth, that the price of a beautiful Christian girl in America, when she is set up to be sold to a life of shame, is from 1800 to 2000 dollars; and yet, judicatories in the church of Christ have said, in solemn convocation, that American slavery, as it is, is no evil! From the table of the sacrament and from the sanctuary of the church of Christ this girl was torn away, because her beauty was a saleable article in the slave-market of New Orleans!

Here is

ANOTHER SIMON.

From the Examination of John Caphart, in the "Rescue Trials," at Boston, in June and November 1851, and October 1852.

Q. Is it a part of your duty, as policeman, to take up coloured persons who are out after hours in the streets?—A. Yes, sir.

What is done with them?—We put them in the lock-up, and in the morning they are brought into court and ordered to be punished—those that are to be punished.

What punishment do they get?—Not exceeding thirty-nine lashes.

Who gives them these lashes?—Any of the officers. I do, sometimes.

Are you paid extra for this? How much?—Fifty cents a head. It used to be sixty-two cents. Now it is fifty. Fifty cents for each one we arrest, and fifty more for each one we flog.

Are these persons you flog, men and boys only, or are they women and girls also?—Men, women, boys, and girls, just as it happens.

[The Government interfered, and tried to prevent any further examination; and said, among other things, that he only performed his duty as police officer under the law. After a discussion Judge Curtis allowed it to proceed.]

Is your flogging confined to these cases? Do you not flog slaves at the request of their masters?—Sometimes I do. Certainly, when I am called upon.

In these cases of private flogging, are the negroes sent to you? Have you a place for flogging?—No. I go round, as I am sent for.

Is this part of your duty as an officer?—No, sir.

In these cases of private flogging, do you inquire into the circumstances, to see what the fault has been, or if there is any?—That's none of my business. I do as I am requested. The master is responsible.

In these cases, too, I suppose you flog women and girls, as well as men?—Women and men.

Mr. Caphart, how long have you been engaged in this business?—Ever since 1836.

How many negroes do you suppose you have flogged, in all, women and children included?—[Looking calmly round the room.] I don't know how many niggers you have got here in Massachusetts, but I should think I had flogged as many as you've got in the State.

[The same man testified that he was often employed to pursue fugitive slaves. His reply to the question was, "I never refuse a good job in that line."]

Don't they sometimes turn out bad jobs?—Never, if I can help it.

Are they not sometimes discharged after you get them?—Not often. I don't know that they ever are, except those Portuguese the counsel read about.

[I had found, in a Virginia report, a case of some two hundred Portuguese negroes, whom this John Caphart had seized from a vessel, and endeavoured to get condemned as slaves, but whom the court discharged.]

Hon. John P. Hale, associated with Mr. Dana as counsel for the defence in the Rescue Trials, said of him in his closing argument:

Why gentlemen, he sells agony! Torture is his stock-in-trade! He is a walking scourge! He hawks, peddles, retails groans and tears about the streets of Norfolk!

In conclusion, we take Mrs. Stowe's eloquent description of

SLAVERY AS DEFINED BY AMERICAN LAW.

Slavery, as defined in American law, is no more capable of being regulated in its administration by principles of humanity than the torture system of the Inquisition. Every act of humanity of every individual owner is an illogical result from the legal definition; and the reason why the slave-code of America is more atrocious than any ever before exhibited under the sun, is that the Anglo-Saxon race are a more coldly and strictly logical race, and have an unflinching courage to meet the consequences of every premise which they lay down, and to work out an accursed principle, with mathematical accuracy, to its most accursed results. The decisions in American law-books show nothing so much as this severe, unflinching accuracy of logic. It is often and evidently not because judges are inhuman or partial, but because they are logical and truthful, that they announce from the bench, in the calmest manner, decisions which one would think might make the earth shudder, and the sun turn pale. The French and the Spanish nations are, by constitution, more impulsive, passionate, and poetic than logical; hence it will be found that while there may be more instances of individual barbarity, as might be expected among impulsive and passionate people, there is in their slave-code more exhibition of humanity. The code of the State of Louisiana contains more really humane provisions, were there any means of enforcing them, than that of any other state in the Union. It is believed that there is no code of laws in the world which contains such a perfect cabinet crystallization of every tear and every drop of blood which can be wrung from humanity, so accurately, elegantly, and scientifically arranged, as the slave-code of America. It is a case of elegant surgical instruments for the work of dissecting the living human heart; every instrument wrought with exactest temper and polish, and adapted with exquisite care, and labelled with the name of the nerve or artery or muscle which it is designed to sever. The instruments of the anatomist are instruments of earthly steel and wood, designed to operate at most on perishable and corruptible matter; but these are instruments of keener temper and more ethereal workmanship, designed in the most precise and scientific manner to DESTROY THE IMMORTAL SOUL, and carefully and gradually to reduce man from the high position of a free agent, a social, religious, accountable being, down to the condition of the brute, or of inanimate matter.

Half-Yearly Report of the London Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, held in the City of London, Saturday and Sunday, June 5th and 6th, 1852. London: printed by J. B. Franklin.

(Continued from page 622.)

WITH the reappearance of Smith, after his escape from prison, the drooping spirits of the Mormons soon revived, and they began to congregate in large numbers about a place called Commerce near the Des Moines Rapids, on the upper Mississippi. This was a beautiful and advantageous site for a new settlement, being a large level space, enclosed in an almost semicircular curve of the great river. Smith and the other leaders of the sect accordingly determined to locate themselves in it, and having been joined by various bands of proselytes from different parts of the union, as well as from this country, who had not gone out empty-handed, he negotiated the purchase of a considerable quantity of land at a low price, which he afterwards disposed of for building purposes to his followers at a high premium, and so replenished his coffers. The number of his followers continuing to increase, Smith, without retracting what he had previously advanced with reference to Zion in Missouri, as the gathering place of the saints, resolved to make this new locality his head-quarters, and accordingly planned an extensive city, which in the course of a year and a-half contained as many as 2,000 houses. The streets were arranged so as to run east and west across the curve of the Mississippi, and were intersected by other streets at right angles, running northward to the river, and

terminating on the south at a rising ground, on which a magnificent temple was to rear its columns, and be the wonder of the Far West, if not of the entire civilized world. To this new city was given the name of "Nauvoo," a word that occurs in the Book of Mormon, and which the prophet declared to be the Hebrew for "beautiful." Smith was now more prosperous than he had ever been in his life. The chosen leader, both spiritual and temporal, of devoted thousands, who regarded his lightest word as law—not only revered by the ignorant and unenlightened, but fawned upon and flattered by men of some pretensions to learning, who, to gratify their own selfish ends, had pretended to believe in him as an inspired teacher—it is not to be wondered at that he regarded himself as an extraordinary and most gifted person. How often had the sect he founded been scattered abroad or narrowly escaped extermination; and through what hair-breadth 'scapes for his very life had he himself passed; yet here he was, after it all, unscathed, prosperous, and even triumphant, founding a new city, and planning a temple and public edifices on a scale of grandeur to compete with any in the New World! Though much was owing to Smith personally as a man of bold ideas and daring character in all this, it is not to be denied that the political condition of the Illinois State had something to do with the present success of the Mormons. The Illinois people were in some degree jealous of the neighbouring state of Missouri, and it was partly owing to this feeling that they received the poor Mormons, on their expulsion, with kindness and hospitality. Then the Whigs and Democrats in the state vied with each other as to which should gain over to its side so considerable a body of free and independent electors in any party contest. In 1840 the number of the Mormons in Illinois was about fifteen thousand; and where every citizen had by law a vote, the only man who could influence them was courted and almost caressed. Smith accordingly began to acquire a great political influence even out of the circle of his own adherents, and this he used to consolidate his own power at Nauvoo. Former dissensions among his followers, and the low rumblings of discontent which were even now and again heard in his camp, warned him of the necessity of obtaining something like a legal sanction for his proceedings. With this view he applied to the Legislature for a municipal charter for Nauvoo, as well as other privileges, all of which were granted, and he was himself chosen mayor of the city, as well as general of a body of militia, which was organised under the name of the "Nauvoo Legion." Smith frequently appeared at the head of this body, which soon numbered as many as 1,500 men, all well disciplined and equipped, and inspired with high confidence in their leader. Certainly a most noticeable change in his position since the time when he wandered about in his native place a houseless vagabond, trying to make dupes of foolish Dutchmen and others digging for treasures!

In December, 1840, Smith obtained the charter for Nauvoo, and in January 1841, he issued an elaborate revelation, ranged under forty-six heads or paragraphs, with reference to the Temple and other buildings that were to be erected in the city. "Let all my saints come from afar," says this document, "and send ye swift messengers, and say unto them, come ye with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities, that will come, may come; and bring the box tree, and the fir tree, and the pine tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth; and with iron, and with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth; and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein." A boarding-house was also to be built, respecting which the revelation continues as follows: "Let it be built in my name, and let my name be named upon it, and let my servant Joseph Smith and his house have place therein from generation to generation, for ever and ever, saith the Lord; and let the name of the house be called the Nauvoo House, and let it be a delightful habitation for man, and a resting place for the weary traveller, that he may contemplate the glory of Zion, and the glory of this the corner-stone thereof." In obedience to these commands the first stone of the Temple was laid by the prophet in person, on the 6th April, 1841. The ceremonies observed on the occasion, if not very appropriate, were at least magnificent and imposing. Early in the day Smith held a grand review of the Nauvoo Legion; the artillery fired salutes; a

carriage filled with ladies drove up and presented the legion with a beautiful silk flag, which Smith received with a graceful bow and presented to the cornet; a procession was then formed, with Smith and his staff at its head, all brilliantly equipped, followed by infantry and cavalry, a military band, and a band of young ladies walking eight abreast, who all marched in due order to the appointed site. There, after a hymn sung by the choristers, Sidney Rigdon delivered a powerful oration, which lasted for about an hour; another hymn was then sung, and Smith himself laid the foundation-stone with much solemnity; after which he offered up a prayer, and the assembly dispersed with mutual congratulations. The Temple, which was not destined to be completed during the life-time of its founder, was a magnificent structure of white limestone, and is described as having been 138 feet in length by 88 in breadth, with a lofty steeple, and internal decorations of a most costly description. It is estimated to have cost nearly a million of dollars, which money was obtained from time to time, partly by a system of tything, and partly by free gifts, all being anxious to contribute something to the work in hand. Meanwhile the other buildings also progressed apace, such as the Boarding-house before mentioned, the University, the Hall of the Seventy, and the Concert Hall. While all this was taking place in the city itself, it must not be supposed that the cultivation of the neighbouring country was neglected. The Mormons were practical agriculturists, and, from the moment of their settlement in their new habitation, set to work with hearty resolution to compel the Illinois soil to restore them what they had lost in Missouri. Smiling farms in no very long time met the traveller's eye in every direction. Indeed, at all times, and wherever situated, both friend and foe agree in commending the thrift, industry, and perseverance of the Mormon community. Even Mr. Caswell, an English clergyman, who visited them in 1842, and who is not inclined to say much in their favour, is compelled to acknowledge that "but for their preposterous heresy, their lax morals, and their unprincipled leader, they undoubtedly possessed the elements of an improving and prosperous people." Mr. Caswell, who had travelled from St. Louis, a distance of two hundred miles, for the express purpose of seeing the city of the Mormons, gives an amusing account of an interview that he had with the prophet during his stay there. To introduce himself, he had brought with him an ancient Greek MS. of the Psalter, which he professed that he was anxious to show Smith, in order to learn from him in what language it was written, and the nature of its contents. The interview is described as follows:—"I met Joseph Smith at a short distance from his dwelling, and was regularly introduced to him. . . . He is a coarse plebeian person in aspect, and his countenance exhibits a curious mixture of the knave and the clown. His hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring, upon which I saw an inscription. His dress was of coarse country manufacture, and his white hat was enveloped by a piece of black crape as a sign of mourning for his deceased brother, Don Carlos Smith, the late editor of the *Times and Seasons*. His age is about thirty-five. I had not an opportunity of observing his eyes, as he appears deficient in that open, straightforward look which characterises an honest man. He led the way to his house, accompanied by a host of elders, bishops, preachers, and common Mormons. On entering the house, chairs were provided for the prophet and myself, while the curious and gaping crowd remained standing. I handed the book to the prophet, and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter; but that I should like to hear his opinion. 'No,' he said, 'it ain't Greek at all; except, perhaps, a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable—it is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.' Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said, 'Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics; and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates.'" After receiving this erudite information, Mr. Caswell was congratulated by the Mormons present on the good fortune that had brought him to Nauvoo, as there was no one but the prophet that could have given him such an explanation.

This was perhaps literally true, as it is hoped there are few people in the world so ignorant, and at the same time so presumptuous. A writer in the *New York Herald*, who visited Nauvoo in the same year as Mr. Caswell, is more indulgent than that gentleman in his estimate of Smith's character. After mentioning that he was "thirty-six years of age, six feet high in his pumps, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds" (was ever prophet so described before?) he proceeds:—"He is a man of the highest talent and great independence of character, firm in his integrity, and devoted to his religion; in one word, he is a *per se*, as President Tyler would say; as a public speaker he is bold, powerful, and convincing, possessing both the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*; as a leader, wise and prudent, yet fearless; as a military commander, brave and determined; as a citizen, worthy, affable, and kind; bland in his manners, and of noble bearing. His amiable lady, too, the Electa Curia, is a woman of superior intellect and exemplary piety; in every respect suited to her situation in society, as the wife of one of the most accomplished and powerful chiefs of the age." Hiram Smith, the patriarch, and Sidney Rigdon and William Law, the two councillors, who, together with the prophet, constituted the first presidency of the Mormon Church, are all similarly described *quoad* their physical proportions and moral and intellectual capacities. It is evident, however, that this writer is not an impartial witness. Indeed, it is difficult to find any one individual of all those who visited Nauvoo about this time upon whose testimony we can place implicit reliance. The reader must therefore be content to form his estimate of Smith's character from very conflicting evidence. Thus, one writer tells us: "The Smiths are not without talent, and are said to be as brave as lions. Joseph, the chief, is a noble-looking fellow; a Mahomet every inch of him." Another describes him as "very sociable, easy, cheerful, obliging and kind, and very hospitable,—in a word, a jolly fellow,—and one of the last persons whom he would have supposed God would have raised up as a prophet or a priest." A third describes the prophet as "a kind, cheerful, sociable, companion," and is also very favourable in his estimate of the moral and social virtues of the Mormons generally. Other witnesses describe Smith as a man of very lax morals, addicted to profane swearing, frequently intoxicated, and by no means faithful to the *Elect Lady*, Mrs. Emma Smith, formerly Hale, whom he had clandestinely married early in his career. We fear there is but too much foundation for these several charges, the last of which brings us to the Mormon doctrine of "Spiritual Wives." According to this doctrine, which, however, has been always either studiously kept in abeyance, or stoutly denied, by Mormon writers, it is lawful for a saint to have one or more wives in addition to the woman with whom he was first married, provided they are sealed to him, that is, their names enrolled by consent of the heads of the church, in a book specially kept for the purpose. It is not presumed that all the saints are indulged with this privilege: it is extended only to a favoured few, either through special influence, or on account of special services rendered by them to the church. It was at Nauvoo that this doctrine was first broached, and Sidney Rigdon appears to have been the first who propounded it. This daring disciple, who frequently pretended to revelations made directly to himself, gave the Mormons much trouble from first to last by his extravagancies. Smith, who was contented to indulge his passions without any pretence of religious sanction, disapproved of this new doctrine, which was a cause of scandal to many of his followers. Still it made way, and we have it on the evidence of two recent travellers, Messrs. Stansbury and Gunnison, officers in the United States' service, whose testimony is beyond suspicion, that the "spiritual wife system" is now completely in vogue in the Mormon settlement of Utah. Children are born from these strange unions,—showing that the parties are not bound by a merely spiritual tie,—and what is more astonishing, these plural wives appear to live with each other in mutual amity and concord. That such proceedings have now the complete sanction of the Mormon leaders is evident from the words of Brigham Young, now the Mormon President, who was heard by Captain Stansbury to declare in full assembly that he was entitled to a thousand wives if he pleased, and that he defied any one to prove from the Bible that he was not. Leaving this without comment, we proceed with our narrative.

Time passed on, and the Mormon prophet and his followers, notwithstanding much internal discord, grew still more prosperous. But with increased prosperity came such an amount of arrogance, as roused against them the ill-feeling of their neighbours. The Missouri people had not forgotten their ancient hostility, while in Illinois itself those who had formerly been most friendly towards them were now converted into bitter enemies, being no doubt actuated in some degree by a feeling of jealousy at their extraordinary success. A charge of being privy to an attempt to assassinate the ex-governor of Missouri, Lieutenant-General Boggs, involved the prophet in much trouble. Legal proceedings were instituted against him in consequence. An action was also entered against him on the ground of some loss of property during the disturbances in Missouri; in consequence of which, when on a visit with his family at a place called Dixon, on the frontier of the two states, he was seized in the night with much violence by two sheriff's officers, and conveyed a prisoner into Missouri. With some difficulty he obtained his release on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and returned to Nauvoo. Towards the end of 1843 Smith entered with much warmth into the contest then raging for the Presidential Chair of the United States. He addressed some smart letters, as the Americans would say, to the rival candidates, Messrs. Clay and Calhoun, demanding to know what would be their course of action towards the Church of "Latter-Day Saints," and not satisfied with their replies, he came forward himself as a candidate for the high office of President. The address that he put forth on the occasion is dated Nauvoo, February 7, 1844, and if really written by him, which can scarcely be credited, is by no means an unfavourable specimen of his powers. As might be expected, it is exceedingly democratic. At the same time it displays an amount of arrogance, that naturally tended still further to exasperate his enemies. It was not, however, the open hostility of these that he had now so much to dread, as plots and conspiracies against him among the saints themselves. Many secessions took place about this time among his followers. Some he excommunicated for their rebellious conduct. Among these was one Higbee and a Dr. Foster, the latter of whom had charged the prophet with an attempt to seduce his wife. The malcontents upon this started a newspaper, called *The Expositor*, which was published in Nauvoo itself, and which attacked the personal characters of Smith and his principal adherents, chiefly with reference to the *Spiritual Wife Doctrine*. Such a defiance of the prophet in his own stronghold was not to be tolerated, and accordingly a chosen band of Smith's followers sallied forth and completely demolished the office, making a bonfire of all that it contained. The editors, Foster and Law, fled for their lives to the neighbouring town of Carthage, from which they took out a warrant against Joseph and Hiram Smith, as parties to the outrage. To this warrant, although legally served, Smith refused to surrender, which was the signal for all his enemies in the neighbouring counties to rise up against him, on pretence of vindicating the law. Such was the excitement, that Mr. Ford, the Governor of Illinois, called out the militia, and placed himself at their head, both in order to carry the law into execution and prevent a needless effusion of blood. As the army of the state advanced, Nauvoo was put into a posture of defence, and the Mormons calculated not a little upon the prowess of their legion, which was nearly two thousand strong. These, however, had begun to lose confidence not only in their leaders but in themselves, while the opposing forces breathed nothing but vengeance. To prevent a collision, the consequences of which would have been dreadful, Smith and his brother, at the urgent representation of the governor, consented to surrender, receiving a solemn pledge that they should be protected with all the power of the state. Upon this they were conducted to Carthage and lodged in prison. A charge of high treason, in addition to that of riot, was now brought against the Smiths by the before-mentioned Higbee, and the feeling of the populace was roused against them by all the arts of their enemies. Governor Ford was apprised of this, and did what he could to quell it; at the same time that he placed a guard over the gaol to shield the prisoners from any violence. All however was of no avail. A band of ruffians thirsting for their lives overpowered the guard, and burst into the prison where the Smiths were in

consultation with two Mormons, named John Taylor and Willard Richards. After a vain attempt to bar the door of the room in which they were, Hiram Smith was shot, exclaiming, "I'm a dead man," to which his brother Joseph looking towards him responded, "O, dear brother Hiram!" Upon this Joseph partially opened the door and discharged at random some barrels of a revolving pistol which he had in his possession, and at length leaped from the window, but was shot before he reached the ground. To make sure of their victims other shots were fired at them by the mob, even after they were dead, while by some unaccountable good fortune the two other Mormons escaped with their lives. This tragedy was enacted on the 27th of June, 1844; and such was the end of Joseph Smith, the most daring religious impostor of modern times, who, whatever may have been his follies and his crimes, is now naturally regarded by his followers as a martyr to the cause that he espoused. When will men learn that a false religion is no more to be opposed by violence than that which we have reason to believe is the true one?

The subsequent history of the Mormons must be hurried over. After the murder of Smith, Sidney Rigdon put forth a claim to be chosen head of the sect, but was rejected by a large majority in favour of Brigham Young, upon which Rigdon entirely seceded from the body. Whether he still lives we are not aware; but it is said that he threatened some disclosures, which have not yet appeared. With a tenacity of life common to fanatics generally, and peculiarly exemplified in the case before us, the Mormons recovered from the consternation into which they had been thrown by the death of their prophet; and, being allowed a breathing space of nearly a year without further persecution, they nearly completed the building of the Temple and their other chief edifices at Nauvoo, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Under the active presidency of Brigham Young, aided by the twelve apostles, a degree of harmony also prevailed among them that augured well for the future. Still the *Expositor* continued to assail the characters of the governing body, and rumours were circulated of profane orgies carried on in the Temple under the sanction of religion. What truth there was in these rumours we have not been able to ascertain. The Mormon teachers often held out as a bait to proselytes, or as a means of confirming wavering disciples, the promise that they should be initiated in the "Temple Mysteries;" but we know that "mysteries," so called, have often nothing of the mysterious in them save the name, and such, we suspect, was the case at Nauvoo. These stories, however, tended very much to damage their cause. A more serious charge brought against them was, that they harboured thieves and other criminals from the neighbouring counties. The Mormons denied this, and with much apparent truth, as indeed what advantage could it be to them to receive such persons into their community? But the feeling of the country generally, from whatever cause, was decidedly hostile to them, and, such being the case, pretences were not wanting for a new attack upon the unhappy Mormons. Their farms were pillaged by armed mobs, their cattle driven away, and their crops burned. Skirmishes of the same character as those that took place before in Missouri were now of daily occurrence in Illinois, and much blood was shed in consequence on both sides. At length the militia were again called out, and towards the end of the year 1845 Nauvoo was regularly besieged and obliged to capitulate. Nothing but their complete expulsion from the state would satisfy their enemies, and with throbbing hearts and swimming eyes these poor people consented to the terms, and agreed to seek a new home across the Rocky Mountains. It was arranged that they were to leave in the spring of the following year, and a circular of the High Council of the Church, dated January 1846, announced the fact to their brethren in all parts of the world. On the 3rd of February, the first company, consisting of about 1,600 persons, took their departure. These were followed by others from time to time, as they were able to dispose of their property, which they were often obliged to do at a heavy sacrifice. Such proceedings, however, were too slow in the eyes of the majority of their enemies, who professed to believe that the Mormons were trying to evade their promise; and a fresh attack was accordingly made upon the devoted city in the month of September. Nauvoo was now com-

pletely pillaged, its temple desecrated, and its remaining inhabitants either cruelly slaughtered, or driven out at the point of the bayonet, to commence their long pilgrimage with scarcely the necessary provisions for their journey. The sufferings of these poor people on their march are accordingly described as of a most aggravated character. The pioneers, or first company that started, were joined on their route by the other bands that followed successively, until they at length formed one great camp in the wilderness. The particulars of this "Exodus," as it is called, of the Mormons, are highly interesting; but we cannot afford to do more than refer to a very graphic account of it by a Colonel Kane, who accompanied the pilgrims. After unheard-of difficulties, the main body arrived at the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 24th of June, 1847, and with their accustomed energy proceeded at once to break up the soil and lay it under cultivation. In the following year they were joined by another large body of pilgrims, and have since received large accessions to their numbers. In our former article we described the nature of the country they inhabit, full particulars of which, as well as of their system of government and social habits, will be found in the narratives of Captain Stansbury and Mr. Gunnison. We shall only add that at the present moment they form one of the most flourishing communities in the United States, and present to the eye of the philosopher a very singular subject of contemplation. Of their missions we have scarcely room left to speak, which is not perhaps to be regretted, as we shall have occasion to speak of them in a forthcoming notice of some of the Mormon publications. It will be sufficient to state here that they have active missionaries engaged in preaching their doctrines, not only in this country, but in France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Russia, and even in the East Indies and the Polynesian Archipelago. In Great Britain alone they number as many as from thirty to fifty thousand converts, to which must be added several thousands of emigrants who have from time to time joined them. Their chief strongholds are in the principal manufacturing towns; but even in the metropolis and its vicinity, according to the last *Half-Yearly Report of the London Conference*, they have as many as thirty-five places of meeting, from which we conclude that their numbers in this country have not been at all exaggerated.

Thus we have endeavoured to give an impartial sketch of the rise and progress of this remarkable sect, and, before concluding, beg to acknowledge our obligations for many particulars to a work entitled *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints*, published in the "National Illustrated Library," and which we hope to see considerably improved in a second edition.

THE BRITISH EAU DE COLOGNE manufactured by Mr. Pooley, of Bath, excels in delicacy of fragrance and purity any we have hitherto met with. As a rival to Farina's it is becoming very formidable; and, since its cost is only half that of the best foreign, we may presume that all who have been deterred by expense will now indulge freely in the use of this refined and necessary article of the toilet. His Royal Highness Prince Albert has ordered a supply of the British Eau de Cologne from Mr. Pooley.—See *Advertisement*.

The *Giornale di Roma* of the 21st ult. contains a comparative table of the population of Rome in 1851 and 1852, from which it appears that the population, which in 1851 amounted to 172,382, is now 175,838, being an increase of 3456. The proportion of births to the entire population is as 1 to 33; of deaths, as 1 to 36; the average number of births per month is 469, per day 15. The average number of deaths per month is 422, per day 14. The proportion of marriages to births is as 1 to 4; the number of the former amounted in 1852 to 1470. For the last ten years the total increase of population at Rome is 13,432.

RIDDLES FOR THE POST-OFFICE.—The following ludicrous direction to a letter was copied *verbatim* from the original and interesting document:—

"too dad Tomas
hat the ole oke
otchut
I O Bary pade

Sur ples to let ole feather have this sefe."

The letter found the gentleman at "The Old Oak Orchard, Tenbury." I saw another letter where the writer, after a severe struggle to express "Scotland," succeeded at length to his satisfaction, and wrote it thus, "stockling." A third letter was sent by a woman to a son who had settled at Tennessee, which the old lady had thus expressed with all phonetic simplicity, "10 C."—*Notes and Queries*.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

WHEN the eventful contest between the National Assembly and the then President of the Republic hung undecided, and the hopes of French Royalism were fixed on General Changarnier, the astute and experienced Guizot dexterously seized the opportunity to bring out, with a new preface, applicable to the possible occasion, a new edition of his well-known memoir of Monk, the restorer of monarchy to England. The era of a possible restoration of any branch of the Bourbons does not now seem very near at hand; and this versatile writer has accordingly been employing himself on a history of the Protectorate of Cromwell (*La République sous Cromwell*), some sheets of which have been read to a select audience in Paris, where the whole work is expected with more than the usual eagerness. His Highness Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England, and his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, are certainly both in their character and career very different personages; yet there is just sufficient resemblance in their positions, and in the warring parties to whose proceedings each put a stop, to enable a writer like Guizot to criticise with some freedom the France of 1853, while narrating or trying to narrate the history of England onward to the death of the great Protector from that ignominious expulsion of the Long Parliament, which by a curious coincidence happened almost exactly "two centuries ago," on the 20th of April, 1653. What will be Guizot's natural speculations on the good and evil of parliamentary government, and the secure ease of a military despotism, is a question that belongs to the region of politics rather than to that of literature, and may interest the political rather than the literary journalist. But will his work throw any new light on the history of England under Cromwell? Have there been discovered by him in Parisian archives any despatches or communications from French envoys or spies that present the England of Cromwell as it looked to a Frenchman of the era of Mazarin? The deep obscurity which even for English inquirers rests on the domestic schemes and doings of the Protector, warrants a literary curiosity in that direction—an obscurity which Godwin takes for granted without regret, which Carlyle sorrowfully acknowledges, and which certainly M. Villemain, in the announced new edition of his *Vie de Cromwell*, will do little, if anything, to dispel. If, moreover, Cromwell was to fall into French hands, it was desirable that they should be Guizot's, for his knowledge of the England of the seventeenth century would be remarkable even in a native student of our history;—as has been abundantly proved by his collection of memoirs relating to that subject, translated and edited under his superintendence—a collection which has actually made us dependent upon France for any connected study of one of the most important and interesting periods of our history.

Lamartine remains true to his latest political love, the moderate republicanism of the Girondins, and is at work upon a history of the Constituent Assembly of the first French Revolution. The dramatist Ponsard—a man perhaps of something of the Lamartine stamp, whose first piece, *Lucrèce*, Lamartine pronounced to be "an event," and whose career we have kept in its contemporary development from time to time before the notice of our readers—has just achieved a new theatrical success, in a department of his art hitherto untrodden by him, that of the modern French comedy of sentiment and manners. His last piece, as our readers know, was a dramatised version, with choruses, of the concluding books of the *Odyssey*, *Ulysse*; and at a single bound he has secured himself a place among the most popular of living French comic writers, by the performance at the Odéon of *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, a play in the orthodox number of five acts, and in French classical rhyme. The idea is partly the familiar one of Shakspeare's *Timon of Athens*, and of Sir Edward Lytton's *Money*, but with many accessories and new developments. The hero is the orthodox young gentleman of a comedy, rich, high-spirited, extravagant, and romantic; and there is, as a foil to him, the orthodox rational young friend and Mentor, who cultivates virtue and quiet happiness on a very moderate income.

At the opening of the piece, George, the hero, is surrounded by parasites, and engaged to the respectable daughter of a respectable merchant. Suddenly his father dies, leaving immense debts; shall George pay them with the fortune left him by his mother, and thus become a beggar, or shall he repudiate them and remain rich? He selects the imprudent and romantic alternative, sees himself deserted by all his friends (save the faithful Rodolphe), and his fiancée become willingly another's. Whereupon a natural gush of misanthropy, which is terminated by his going humbly into business, and speedily obtaining a respectable competency. The rich husband of the fair and false young lady turns out good for nothing in all senses of the word, and breaks her heart. But there is a certain sister of hers who has always looked kindly on him in his misfortunes, and so he makes up a match with her, and the curtain falls on an ante-nuptial dinner-party, where the hero is conversing with the old gentleman originally destined to be his father-in-law, and to whom, after so many vicissitudes, he returns for a daughter's hand.

So rapidly do all things flit and disappear in that unique phenomenon of civilisation, a French revolution, that already it is difficult, and almost impossible for the collector to put together anything like a complete set of the journals and periodicals which started into existence, in infinite number and variety, on the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848. Indispensable, under such circumstances, to the formation of a complete collection is a curious and interesting catalogue just compiled by M. Henry Izambard—*The Parisian Press: a Statistical, Bibliographical, and Alphabetical List of all the Journals, Reviews, and Periodical Fly-Sheets, born, dead, resuscitated, or metamorphosed at Paris from the 22nd February, 1848, to the Establishment of the Empire (La Presse Parisienne, &c.)* The press is rising rapidly as an element in literary history; and M. Cuheval-Clarigny, whose able papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the newspaper press of England we lately alluded to, promises to contribute to that miscellany a similar series on that of Anglo-Saxon America—an undertaking that has its difficulties. Even the abstruse and high-flying Germans, with their fettered press, are beginning to think it worth criticism and history; and a new number of the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* announces an essay with the truly German-sounding title—"German Journalism in connection with the Development of German Literature and of the collective Culture of the Nation."

The latest contribution from Berlin to the biography of Frederick the Great, is an indirect one—Hofrath Schneider's elaborate *History of the Opera and Royal Opera House in Berlin*, from the "Kapelle" era of electoral Brandenburg to the commencement of the present century. Its splendour during the early years of Frederick's reign, its stoppage during the Seven Years' War, and his subsequent alternate generosity and parsimony towards it, are carefully detailed; and an appendix gives the reports made to him by its managers, and the orders which he as little disdained to issue for its government as Napoleon among the smouldering ruins of Moscow to dictate a decree for the reorganization of the opera at Paris.—Our lively and popular contemporary, *Household Words*, is a standing favourite of the Germans, who regularly translate articles from it, into their own periodicals, and who have just commenced a more elaborate enterprise of a similar kind. *Contemporary Pictures of Sea and Land (Land und See-Bilder aus der Gegenwart)* is the title of a collective selection, so to speak, of papers from *Household Words*, arranged in a certain order and connection; the first and opening volume containing sketches of scenery and life in America and Australia.

French and English: a Parallel (Engländer and Franzosen, &c. London, Dulau), is a work of which the title indicates the drift, and consists of a course of lectures delivered by Adolph Helfferich at the Frederick-William University, at Berlin. The book is one of a serious and searching rather than of an amusing kind; and were it to fall into the hands of a French critic, he might easily, with accusations of long-windedness and wire-drawing, revenge himself for the subordinate position as-

signed by Herr Helfferich to the French throughout his elaborate parallel. The Prussians have not forgiven the French the conquests which (in spite of Rossbach) French literature, art, and manners, made of their country during the last century; and even Waterloo has not obliterated the smart of the fatal day of Jena and Austerlitz. In nine chapters from the opening one on "Character and Intellect," through those devoted respectively to "Morality and Mode," "Language and Literature," "Home and Family," "Law and Politics," "Constitution and Monarchy," "Executive and Judiciary," "Established Church and Dissent," to the close of the final one on "Education and Life," the unrelenting lecturer pursues the French with a musket-fire of depreciatory sentences, exalting their English rivals proportionately. In his views of England and the English, there is little that is original; those virtues being praised of which we are most complacently conscious, and the faults indicated which we smilingly plead guilty to. Only when discussing the monarchy does Herr Helfferich say anything that would pique English curiosity; he considering that much more real political power is exercised by the English Sovereign than we are in the habit, at least of late years, of ascribing to her.

Attention has been called by a contemporary to the activity of the agents of American booksellers in the second-hand book market of London, where they are beginning to be more and more prized as extensive and liberal purchasers. Under the expected international copyright treaty, it is extremely possible that a large proportion of the mechanical work connected with the publication of English copyright books for the American market will, from the cheapness of paper, and other economical causes, continue to be performed in America; but the market for old books of such a kind that new editions of them could not be expected to prove remunerative, will continue to be monopolised by this country. The number of public libraries is increasing in the States, in a marked and gratifying degree, and the Americans promise to become, on this account, still more welcome purchasers from our reservoirs of second-hand books. A certain *esprit de corps* and desire for organisation and mutual improvement seems also to be growing up among the librarians of the States, and to promise results which we in England may find it worth our while to seek to cultivate. Last summer a suggestion was thrown out in the States for the holding of a "Convention of Librarians," immediately after the meeting of the Scientific Association at Cleveland; and it would appear that the suggestion is likely this year to assume a practical shape, and meet with the realisation which was denied it last. Norton's (New York) *Literary Gazette*, a careful, well-conducted publication, appears to be the organ of the "movement," and, in a recent article on the subject, very fairly states the chief objects which might be promoted by such a convention. We wish the movement all success, and could cordially desire that a similar one for a Convention of the Secretaries of Literary Institutions were already inaugurated at home.

FRANCE.

La Californie et les Mines d'Or. [California and the Gold Mines.] By EDOUARD AUGER. Constantinople. By THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris. 1853.

WE propose to give our readers, not a criticism, but a specimen of the lively writing that issues to the reading public of Paris through the *feuilletons*,—flying leaves which carry authors pleasantly on the grand tour before they are shelved in sober volumes. Abundance of material renders choice difficult, but we have decided to quote for the purpose of amusing contrast the experience of two travellers to different parts of the world—scenes far asunder affording views of the vagaries of those strange agglomerations we call societies, under old forms and new, for it is a step from California to Turkey in point of historical time as well as distance.

M. AUGER has published in *La Presse* a vivid description of California and the gold mines; in our extracts from his work we wish to offer an

exclusive view of one part of the subject, fresh and entertaining, which portrays the state and feeling of a Frenchman landed on the shores of that new world. According to M. Auger's representations a Parisian under such circumstances he becomes a wretched being: not only the criminal licence, barbarism, and discomfort prevailing, shock inexpressibly the tone of his nervous system; but he is exposed to minor persecutions, minor social evils, continual minor tortures, so much the more cruel as to be pricked to death with pins exceeds the anguish of immediate quietus from a musket-ball. Imagine a piece of polished marble, smooth as glass and as clear to take the reflection of light and shadow, cast back again to the dirt and rough treatment of the quarry, and you have the image of a Frenchman arrived at the American El Dorado, and exposed to the detail of small miseries peculiarly afflictive to his national habits. As an example of these minor miseries may be instanced

SUNDAY IN CALIFORNIA.

The Americans are essentially formalists; form supersedes all things; without it there is no religion, no virtue, no humanity. Form has decided that absolutely nothing should be done on Sunday; this nothing applies not only to labours the least fatiguing, and the least troublesome occupations, but also to the most innocent amusements, such as music, dominoes, the game of odd or even. On Sunday people are, however, permitted to take a walk (Americans never do), or they may lean back in arm-chairs supporting their feet upon the window-sill, a favourite posture to the Yankee in repose. The French, therefore, term a Sunday walk at San Francisco *the review of soles*; indeed the only objects visible are feet at all the windows. Another pastime uncondemned:—On board the steamers on Sunday, pieces of deal are distributed to the passengers, and each with his pocket-knife begins to carve his fragment into a thousand shapes; this distribution is simply a precautionary measure, or the American would infallibly cut up the rigging of the vessel. The use of the pocket-knife has grown into an incurable mania. In the very sanctuary of justice, during the pleading of the advocates, the magistrates carve upon the table placed before them, and the accused himself, if his hands are free, carves the bar before which he is standing. But Sunday, the day of silence and seclusion for the Americans of San Francisco, is one of liberty and merriment for the sailors of the French vessels in the harbour. Decorated with a clean shirt, and elevated to a superlative degree of decorum and politeness by the aid of an honest ration of gin or brandy, they direct their course through the streets, taking an observation at each remarkable point, and penetrating every house accessible to the public. This exploration, accompanied by animated commentaries and subtle distinctions, always terminates by producing a general thirst. With regard to refreshments, mariners are only acquainted with tafia and brandy; and when the hour strikes for their return on board the vessel, the effect of these stimulants begins to be apparent. The French sailor, when elated, sings to the pitch of his voice, and if the sea-fogs have somewhat injured the purity of its tone, at least he has an ear for tune, and pleases still. The American sailor, sober or not, invariably sings false, and with a nasal intonation sovereignly insupportable. Place these two musicians together in a strain, they balance themselves like angry cocks, and presently rush upon each other. Then comes a policeman who bears the French sailor off to gaol for having troubled the peace of the holy day, while the American sailor is merely conducted to his ship.

MANAGEMENT OF THE POST-OFFICE.

The customs and the post produce an immense revenue to the state of California. The tax upon foreign letters is extremely high, and I think very arbitrary. There exists but one post-office for all letters at San Francisco; no distribution is made in the town, and, except a few merchants who keep in the interior of the establishment boxes for the disposal of letters addressed to them, a privilege which costs six piastres a month, every one is obliged to claim his letters at the post-office. Then ensues a train of interminable difficulties, and, thanks to the confusion of the management, letters are seldom obtained for five or six days after the arrival of the packet. Comic scenes enough formerly occurred at the place of distribution, where presided exclusively a Yankee pure-blood. Each person advanced in turn and pronounced his own name.

"How!" said the American, "*Master Puget, je n'ai pas des lettres per vos. Master Petry je n'ai pas non plus.*"

Eight days afterwards these gentlemen found at the post the letters addressed to them, but which the distributor was holding in reserve, under the idea they were designed for M.M. Piondret and Piray. At present the post-office at San Francisco is provided with a French officer for the care of French letters. We owe this advantage to the intervention of our consul, M. Dillon.

AMERICAN RASHNESS.

The Americans are the most intrepid navigators in the world, and their vessels bear the palm of superiority; from whence then does it happen that no navigation is attended with so many disasters? The fact is referable to three causes: their contempt for theoretical knowledge; a blind security inspired by vanity, which permits them only to perceive the end desired, and not to calculate the best means to attain it; and lastly drunkenness, a vice very common amongst them. Their principal end is to go quickly and arrive first. *Go ahead* is the word they employ upon this occasion. They set out; but before reaching their destination the boilers burst from vapour too condensed, and the masts, over-charged with sails, break under the efforts of the wind. One of their ships from New York arrived at San Francisco in eighty-seven days, a distance of at least 5,600 leagues. The Americans, advanced in agriculture, in commerce and manufactures, remain behind in matters which relate to morals, arts, and sciences, that contribute to soften the manners and develop the intelligence. Their religious reforms are true extravagancies, worthy of the middle ages, and have hitherto produced only fanatics and martyrs. Yet, these people are not destitute of noble and generous instincts, requiring but a spark for their development, when education shall be more extended, and this fever of activity with which the nation is possessed shall spread from the material domain to nobler conquests of the intelligence.

With another trait of American character, and the author's passing remark, we close our brief notice of "California."

AMERICAN LADIES.

Even in California women are the object of a sort of religious veneration on the part of the Americans, and understand so well the power they exercise over the masculine species that, fearless for the safety of their honour or their purse, they will venture into the most desert places, sure of meeting with aid and protection even from those whose trade is robbery and assassination. Often I have seen women travelling without escort, laden with jewels like Madonnas, and treated with respectful attention by persons to whom we should only appeal pistol in hand. To have done with San Francisco, of which I have already said so many things for good and evil, I will add a single fact, in my opinion the most interesting. At San Francisco, and in the interior of California, languish at this moment a thousand Frenchmen, a prey to misery and despair, who form but one wish—barren wish, alas!—that of one day returning to their country.

From the active to the passive phase of humanity, from California to Constantinople, we quit M. Auger, and accompany M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER. In order not to overcrowd our limits, we string together a series of amusing extracts, and will not break the thread by any critical remarks between. "Death after life doth greatly please," writes Spenser; and the prospect of the cemetery is not an inappropriate introduction to a view of the domestic economy of that people who, according as the baseness or better genius of Europe shall decide, touch the moment of dissolution or of resurrection.

OCCUPATIONS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In the street near the Golden Horn, between the old and new bridges, reside the marble-polishers, who construct those pious effigies of turbans, bristling like white phantoms issued from their tomb, about the numerous cemeteries of Constantinople. Here echoes a perpetual noise of mallets and hammers. A cloud of sparkling and miteaceous dust descends in perpetual snow. Illuminators, surrounded by pots of green, red, and blue, colour the slab upon which must shine, in letters of gold, the name of the defunct, accompanied by a verse of the Koran or ornamental designs of flowers, tendrils of the vine, or grapes, the latter more especially devoted to the tombs of women, as emblems of grace, sweetness, and fecundity. In the same place are fashioned the marble basins of the fountains destined to refresh the courts, apartments, and kiosks, or to serve for the frequent ablutions exacted by the Mussulman law, which elevates cleanliness to the rank of a virtue; in that respect differing from Catholicism, by which filth is sanctified, and so thoroughly, that for a long time in Spain persons often using the bath were suspected of heresy, and regarded rather as Moors than Christians. This funeral industry does not appear at all to sadden its professors; they cut their lugubrious marbles in the most jovial manner in the world: in Turkey the idea of death seems to terrify no one, nor to awaken the least sentiment of melancholy. Close to this manufactory of tombs, always in activity, the merchants of provision display their stores: quarters of bleeding meat depend from the butchers' hooks, surrounded by a circle of lean dogs in ecstasy. Farther on, the fishmonger's assails your nose with its sharp marine odour, and regales your eyes with monstrous forms of sea-scorpions, and other strange inhabitants of the salt empire, which nature apparently has not modelled for the pure light of day, but prudently conceals in

the green depth of her profound abysses. The stranger at Constantinople is struck by the absence of women from the shops. Mussulman jealousy will not yield to the necessities of commerce. Numerous domestic details, left by us to women, are in Turkey executed by athletic fellows with bull-necks and bushy beards, which justly enough appears ridiculous to us. If women do not sell, to make amends they buy. They are seen stationed before the shops in groups of two or three, followed by their negresses, holding an open bag to contain their acquisitions, as Judith confided the head of Holophernes to her black servant. Shopping seems to amuse Turkish as much as English women. It affords a mode of passing time and exchanging a few words with another human being beside the master; and few women deny themselves this pleasure, particularly amongst the middla class, for the codines have the stuffs and wares carried to them.

CAFES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Nothing is more simple than a Turkish café in Turkey. Imagine a room of about a dozen square feet, vaulted and whitened, surrounded with a wainscot to about the height of a man, and a divan seat covered with straw matting. In the middle the ornament most elegantly oriental, a fountain of white marble, discharges its column of water into three basins placed one above the other. In one angle of the apartment stands the stove where the coffee is made, cup by cup, in little coffee-pots of yellow copper, to meet the demands of the customers. To the walls are attached shelves laden with razors; for in Turkey every café is also a barber's shop. It is a general notion that, according to the prohibition of the Koran, the Turks absolutely proscribe images, and regard the products of the plastic arts as works of idolatry. This is correct in principle; but in practice they are less rigorous, and the cafés are adorned with a variety of engravings of the oddest choice and taste, which do not seem in the least to scandalize Mussulman orthodoxy. It is a true pleasure to take one of these little cups of coffee, which a young imp with great black eyes brings you, after a peregrination in the fatiguing streets of Constantinople. To the cup of coffee is added a glass of water, which the Turks drink before and the Franks afterwards. A characteristic anecdote is related upon this subject. A European who understood perfectly the oriental languages, wore the Mussulman costume with the ease imparted by long habit, and whose complexion had caught from the warm sun of the country the local tint, was recognised as a Frank in a little obscure café in Syria, by a poor Bedouin in rags, certainly incapable of detecting a fault in the pure Arabic of the exotic consumer.

"How did you perceive me to be a Frank?" inquired the European, mortified as Theophrastus when called a foreigner by a seller of herbs in the marketplace at Athens for an accent wrongly placed.

"You drank your water after your coffee," replied the Bedouin.

The price of a cup of coffee is twenty paras (about three-halfpence); and if you give a piastre (fourpence-halfpenny) you are magnificently generous. The money is deposited in a box with a slit, near the door. Although in Turkey the poor ragged beggar may seat himself upon the divan of a café near a Turk the most sumptuously arrayed, and the latter will not shrink nor draw away his gold-embroidered sleeve from contact with his neighbour's greasy garments, yet certain classes have their habitual places of resort, and the café of the marble fountain is one of the best frequented. A charming circumstance altogether oriental poetises this café to European eyes. Some swallows have built their nests in the vaulted roof, and constantly flying in and out with joyous cries, carry provisions to their young ones, unfettered by the fumes ascending from numerous pipes, or the presence of the consumers, whose fez or turban is often brushed by their rustling wings, while the young birds, peeping from the nest with eyes like little black nails, tranquilly contemplate the scene. It is a touching spectacle, this confidence of the bird in man, and this nest in the café. The Orientals, often cruel towards men, are extremely tender to animals, and know how to gain their affection; thus the brute creation willingly remain near them; they do not, like the Europeans, disturb them by their turbulence, loud voices, and perpetual laughter. The people, ruled by the law of fatalism, partake in some degree of the passive serenity of the animal. To complete this sketch of the cafés at Constantinople, must be mentioned one frequented only by sailors. The manner of lighting this place is original enough; glasses filled with oil, in which a wick is burning, hang from the ceiling suspended by an iron wire twisted into a spiral form. The Cawadgi (master of the café) occasionally touches the glasses, which, by force of the elasticity of the wire, mount and descend, performing a sort of pyrotechnic ballet, to the great satisfaction of the assembly, so stationed as not to apprehend the stains. A lustre, composed of a wire carcass, representing a ship, and garnished with a quantity of lights to define the outline, completed this extraordinary illumination, and conveyed a delicate allusion comprehended easily by the customers of the café. Seeing a Frank enter, the Cawadgi, to do him honour, communicated a furious impulse to his

luminary. The glasses began to dance like wild-fires, and the nautical lustre rolled like a ship in a storm, dispensing a fragrant shower of rancid oil. The uncertain rays of the oscillating lamps, penetrating the clouds of tobacco, revealed at intervals countenances which, when once seen, are never forgotten, and which render mild by contrast the wildest types imagined by the most inventive masters. Instead of the tranquil interior of a café, fancy involuntarily pictured a brigand cavern; yet, after all, were these the most honest people in the world. A rough exterior does not involve a villainous soul, and these beings of ferocious aspect sipped their coffee and resigned themselves to the pleasures of the kief, with a placidity astonishing in mortals so characteristic and worthy to be models for the banditti of Salvatore Rosa, or Adrien Guignet. Almost all the sailors had their arms tattooed in red and blue. Man in the lowest state feels instinctively that ornament draws a line of demarcation between him and the animal. It was not the young girl tracing on the wall her lover's shadow, but the savage, imprinting an arabesque on his leathern hide, who invented drawing. I noticed particularly an athletic youth wearing his rags with rather more elegance than his companions, whose arms, bare to the elbow, exposed, in a frame of arabesques, on the right side a young Turk in the reformed costume, blue coat and red fez, holding in his hand a pot of sweet basil, and on the left a little dancing girl in a short petticoat and peri corset, who seemed pausing in the midst of a step to accept the flowery homage of her gallant. This chef-d'œuvre of tattooing no doubt referred to some history which the prudent mariner had engraved upon his skin in case it should be effaced from his heart. Two frightful caricatures, but extremely polite, graciously made place for me on the divan, and the coffee I tasted there was certainly better than the black decoction prepared at the more celebrated cafés at Paris. The absence of drunkenness humanises the lower classes in Constantinople, and the orientals possess a natural dignity unknown to us. Imagine a Turk at night paying a visit to Paul Niquet's; with what hideous exclamations, of what brutal curiosity would he not be at once the object and the victim? This was exactly my position, and no one appeared to make any observation or committed the slightest indecorum. It is true the only liquor retailed is water carried round the room by young Greek children, repeating in a monotonous voice, "Cronero, cronero" (iced water); and at Paul Niquet's they drink *bleu* and *l'eau-d'aff* (gin and brandy) through excess of civilisation.

ITALY.

Il Losario: Poema Eroico Romanesco, di Ser FRANCESCO POLIDORI. Messo in luce, coll'aggiunta di Tre Canti, da GAETANO POLIDORI, suo nipote. Firenze e Londra. [*Losario: a Poetic Romance*. By Ser FRANCESCO POLIDORI. Now first published, with the addition of Three Cantos, by his nephew, GAETANO POLIDORI. Florence and London.]

It is so rarely that the reviewer now-a-days has to cope with anything even remotely resembling an epic, that when such a work does happen to fall in his way, he is apt to consider the perusal of it as an achievement almost worthy to form the subject of a poem of equal pretensions. Nor is it in all moods that he would so much as attempt the task; for indeed we fear it might almost be said of Homer himself, that only when that great man is found nodding could he count safely upon the "used-up" energies of a modern critic as being in perfectly sympathetic relation with him.

The poem whose title and genealogy heads our present article is not, however, a direct descendant from the great epic stock, but rather belonging to that illegitimate line which claims Ariosto for its ancestor—a bastard, for the matter of that, with a dash of the Falconbridge humour in him, and not at all disposed to yield the hereditary lion's skin to any that has not strength to keep it. Or perhaps, on some accounts, the author of *Losario* would have preferred to trace the pedigree of his work through Tasso's branch of the heroic family, which, if more legitimate, has yet always seemed to us to be less akin to the parent stock in vigour than is the misbegotten fire of Ariosto; and, indeed, almost liable now and then to that irreverent imputation of being "got betwixt sleep and wake." *Au reste*, we can assure the reader that whatever may have been the balance of our author's predilections, his poem of *Losario* is a perfect cornucopia of marvellous adventure; where king's sons are dethroned and reinstated; where usurpers, in the hour of triumph, find themselves cloven to the chine; where the unjustifiable lives of dragons are held on the most perilous tenure; where the gods themselves are the "medium" of prophecy; and where the valour of the hero is unsurpassed, ex-

cept, perhaps, by that of his lady—the love here being not only platonic, but generally having Mars for a Cupid.

Before proceeding to give a translated extract from the poem, we need merely premise regarding its author, Ser FRANCESCO POLIDORI (the *Ser* being a legal title), that he was born in the year 1720, at Pontedera, in Tuscany; that he followed the profession of the law, in which, however, his natural goodness of heart appears to have interfered with his success; and that he died in 1773. *Losario*, which seems to have been his only considerable work, after remaining in the limbo of manuscript for about a century, now at length sees the light under the auspices of a nonagenarian descendant; for such, as may be gathered from the preface, is now the venerable age of its editor, of whom we shall have more to say anon.

The following extract is taken from a passage of the poem where Prince Losario and his friend Antasete are informed by a river-nymph of the means whereby they may succeed in destroying a dragon which troubles her dominion:—

Silent, she lifted softly through the wave
All her divine white bosom; seeming there
As when Aurora, freed from night's dull cave,
Fills full of roses the sweet morning air;
Then, with a hand more white than snows which pave
The Alps, upon their brows that water clear
She shook; and, to the immediate summons sent,
The monster's presence stirr'd the element.

And the banks shudder'd, and the sky grew dark,
As the dark river heaved with that obscene
Infamous bulk: the while each knight, to mark
His vantage, hover'd, stout in heart and mien,
Around it. Watchful were their eyes, and stark
Losario's onset; and yet weak, I ween,
Against the constant spray of fire and smoke,
Which from the dragon's lips and nostrils broke.

Blinded and baffled by the hideous rain,
And stunn'd with gnashing fangs and scourged with claws,
Still brave Losario toils, but spends in vain
His strength against the dragon without pause;
Till at the last, one mighty stroke again
Within the nether rack of those foul jaws
He dealt. Then fume and flame together ceased
At once; and on the palpitating beast

The champion fell with his strong naked hands;
And right and left such iron blows struck he
On that hard front, that far across the sands
The deep woods utter'd echoes heavily;
A noise like that when some broad road withstands
The hail-clouds under which the cattle flee.
But when at length those open jaws emit
A flickering tongue, the prince lays hold on it.

Then Antasete, who by the creature's flank
Still watch'd, obedient to the nymph, did rouse
His strength, and up the rugged loins that stank
Climb on its neck, and bit it in the brows.
Straight as his teeth within the forehead sank,
Those execrable limbs fell ponderous;
And from the wound such spilt of gore was shed,
That lips, and chin, and fingers, were all red.

(Canto 3, st. 28, et seq.)

There is movement in the above description, and the bloody work is done with an appropriately savage relish. Nor is this, perhaps, the best passage which we could have taken from the poem; but its episodic character recommended it to extract.

Having said thus much of *Losario* and its author, we shall add, before we conclude, some little regarding its editor, whose own poetical works (and he has written much) we have been looking over at the same time with this last publication; which, moreover, as its title-page indicates, owes its concluding cantos to his hand.

We have said above that Mr. POLIDORI is now in his ninetieth year; and we find, by the preface to his collected poems, that sixty of these years have been spent in England. Nor has his sojourn here been without results: having led apparently to an extensive acquaintance with our literature, and induced him probably to undertake his excellent translation of Milton's works, whose value has been acknowledged both here and in his own country. Among his other labours as a translator, the version of Lucan's *Pharsalia* deserves high praise, and has obtained it in many quarters. To him, also, the student of Milton is indebted for the modern republication of that very rare work the *Angeleida* of Valvasoni; accompanied by a valuable dissertation regarding its claims to have suggested in any degree the structure of the great *Paradise Lost*. We may add that Mr. Polidori was the father of the late Dr. Polidori, who wrote the *Vampire*, erroneously attributed to Lord Byron; and that he is the father-in-law of Professor Rossetti, celebrated among the patriotic poets of his country, and in the *selva oscura* of Dantesque criticism.

We gather from the preface to Mr. Polidori's original poems that, during four years of his youth, he was secretary to that Byron of the classic school, or Racine of romanticism, "rejected

by both,"—the great Alfieri; a strange kind of prodigal-ascetic, suggesting fantastic combinations; of whom one might say that he seemed bent on carrying on simultaneously the two phases of Timon's career, and "throwing in" Shakspeare *par étrenne*. In this preface are many most curious anecdotes, exhibiting the stoical pretensions and childish self-will, the republicanism and brutal arrogance, the euphuistic woman-worship and private unmanliness (for none of these terms are too harsh), which were among the contradictions that "made up" this unchivalrous troubadour. Some of these scraps from the *unacted* biography of one who was seldom behind the scenes, we would willingly extract for our readers; but, indeed, they should rightly be read together. We, therefore, prefer translating a couple of specimens from the poems in Mr. Polidori's volume.

The following passage occurs in the second of two poems, entitled "*La Fantasia*" and "*Il Disinganno*," which may be translated "*Fantasy*" and "*Disenchantment*," or, perhaps, more properly, "*Illusion*" and "*Experience*." The joint theme seems to us admirably chosen, and its execution highly successful.

WINTER.

In this dead winter season now,
Whose rigid sky is like a corpse,
Awhile beneath some naked bough
Here let me stand, beholding how
The frost all earthly life absorbs.

Yet fair the sky with clouds o'erspread,
As in grey mantle garmented;
While hastily or placidly
The snow's white flakes descend to clothe
The pleasant world and all its growth.
And passing fair it is to see
How hills and multitudinous woods,
And trees alone in solitudes,
Accept the white shroud silently;
And I have watch'd and deem'd it fair,
While myrtle, laurel, juniper,
Slowly were hidden; while each spring,
Each river, crept, an unknown thing,
Beneath its crystal covering.

Then shalt thou see, beside the wan
Changed surface of his watery home,
Stand lean and cold the famish'd swan,—
One foot within his ruffled plumes
Uprather'd, while his eyes will roam
Around, till from the wintry glooms
Beneath the wing they hopelessly
Take shelter, that they may not see.
And though sad thoughts within her rise
At the drear sight, yet it shall soothe
Thy soul to look in any guise
Upon the teaching face of truth.

Or shall no beauty fill the mind,
No lesson—when the flocks stand fast,
Their backs all set against the blast,
Labouring immovably, combined,
Till they with their weak feet have burst
The frost-bound treasure of the stream,
And now at length may quench their thirst?
And O! how beautiful doth seem
That evening journey when the herd
Troop homeward by accustom'd ways,
All night in paddock there to graze,
And know the joy of rest defer'd.
Or if the crow, the sullen bird,
Upon some leafless branch in view,
Thrusters forth his neck, and flaps the bleak
Dry wind, and grates his ravenous beak,
That sight may feed thy musings too.

And grand it is, 'mid forest boughs,
In darkness, awfully forlorn,
At night to hear the wind carouse,
Within whose breath the strong trees quake
Or stand with naked limbs all torn;
While such unwonted clamours wake
Around, that over all the plain
Fear walks abroad, and tremble then
The flocks, the herds, the husbandmen.
But most sublime of all, most holy,
The unfathomable melancholy,
When winds are silent in their cells;
When underneath the moon's calm light,
And in the unaltered snow which veils
All height and depth—to look thereon,
It seems throughout the solemn night
As if the earth and sky were one.

We doubt not that many of our readers will enjoy with us, in the above beautiful passage, both the close observation of nature, and the under-current of suggestive thought. In our second extract, which closes this notice, it seems to us that the beauty of Mr. Polidori's images is sufficient to disprove their modest application to his own poetic powers.

SONNET TO THE LAUREL.

Approaching thee, thou growth of mystic spell,
That wast of old a virgin fair and wise,
I fix upon thee my devoted eyes
And stand a little while immovable.
Then if in the low breeze thy branches quail—
"What, so afraid?" I say: "not I, poor tree,
Apollo; though my heart hath cherish'd thee
Because thou crown'st at his children's forehead well."
Then half-incensed, abasing mine own brow—
"These leaves," I muse, "how many grave—with those
How few at length the flattering gods endow!
I hoped—ah! shall I hope again? Nay, cease.
Too much, alas! the world's rude clamours now
Bewilder mine accorded cadences."

MODERN LITERATURE IN SICILY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE two highest authorities in Italian literature—Dante and Petrarca—testify that Sicily was the cradle alike of their language and its letters. The former says, in his *De Vulgare Eloquentia*, l. 1, c. xiii., "When we contemplate the fame bestowed upon this land of Sicily, we must blush for our princes, who, leaving the track of heroes, follow in the footsteps of the ordinary rabble; but Frederick II. and his noble son, Manfred, gave proofs of their nobility and superiority of mind. Men of high aspirations endeavoured to follow the example of the majesty of such great princes; wherefore it happened that all Italian compositions of any merit in that country emanated from the court of these exalted monarchs; and as the seat of their royalty was in Sicily, whatever was composed by our ancestors was styled *Sicilian*, which denomination is retained even now." Petrarca affirms that the good vernacular, "il buon volgare," was first spoken in Sicily, and at the court of Frederick II. The sovereigns who have reigned over this land in recent times are hardly to be classed among those whom the stern censorship of "the immortal Exile" would have spared; it has in fact been the great mistake of modern Italian Governments (even from the point of view of their own interests) to hand over literature to the jurisdiction of the police, which has commonly acted on the conviction that the less of that suspicious agency tolerated the better! And whilst enlightened sovereigns would wish to avail themselves of it as the best index to national dispositions, the expositor of the moral and social condition of their subjects, those of Italy have turned a deaf ear to the voice which might have reached them with pacific and friendly warnings, to find too late, in some instances, that

there are sounds which from the regal dwelling
Free hearts and fearless only may exclude.

Nevertheless, a residence of some months in Sicily has enabled me to ascertain that the soil of intellect has been less sterile here during late years than I had once supposed, so that in the history of nineteenth-century literature this fair island will be entitled to a place by no means insignificant. The distance of such cities as Palermo and Messina from the great stage of political transaction where are acted out the destinies of Europe, and their comparative withdrawal from the jealously-overlooked horizon where their Neapolitan rulers hold immediate sway, are doubtless among the causes to which such superiority may be ascribed. Compassionate sympathy must be awakened for the unencouraged intellectual aspirations occasionally to be found among the youth of Sicily; instances of abundant talent, eagerness for knowledge, and energy of application, have come within my observation in this class—but it is like a southern flower under uncongenial skies; all around is an atmosphere of hostility.

To adduce one example. A young man, seemingly about one-and-twenty, named Montalto, told me he had written an historic romance entitled *I Misteri di Sicilia* (the *Mysteries of Sicily*), a tragedy on the story of Lady Jane Grey, an epic poem in ten cantos, called *Gerusalemme Perduta* (*Jerusalem Lost*), and various lyrics, not one of which compositions he had been able to publish, owing to the *tracasseries* of the censorial department.

An English consul we might suppose to be one of the most inviolable of functionaries; yet our worthy representative at Palermo, Mr. Goodwin, (himself a man of much cultivation, and an accomplished writer,) told me that a copy forwarded to him from Paris of Amari's translation of the Saracenic epistle describing Sicily in the twelfth century had been permanently detained at the Dogana; and the reason given for refusing to allow him its use, that the censorship could approve neither of the political nor religious principles therein expressed—namely, by a Musulman tourist! Bad as the state of things is for intellectual interests, there are, however, two weekly papers at Palermo, on a small scale truly, that treat of literature, fine arts, the stage; one (the *Anonimo*) principally dedicated to operative criticism; the other compiled by a society of young men, who have more serious tastes than those prevailing among their compeers, for Verdi's music, dominoes and billiards.

One only work of fiction have I been able to hear of as recently produced in Sicily—I *Misteri di Palermo*, published at that city during my stay in November last, being doled out to its purchasers in various tiny numbers, at intervals of a week; the author's name Benedetto Naselli. This romance, obviously on the model of Eugene Sue, has some pathos in its pictures of obscure suffering, especially in the life of gifted and neglected artists, but is so full of heart-rending scenes, details of soul-sickening struggles, unrewarded merit in the poor, and calculating hardness in the rich, that the prolonged display of misery leaves a painful weariness in the reader. Unlike his French prototype in *tendency*, the author gives a conclusion in which the precepts of religion predominate—his agonised heroine becoming a nun, saintly and self-sacrificing, who finally finds peace to her agitated spirit in the offices of charity. There is nothing historic, very little that depicts nationality, in this book, and three independent plots are confusedly interwoven. A description, that forms the catastrophe, of the earth-

quake at Palermo in 1823, is the only public event introduced; and the desire to flatter existing dispositions in the police—or the Neapolitan Cabinet—seems evidently betrayed in the following passage, which rather amused than irritated my patriotism: the author referring to "those times of sad remembrance when the haughty Albion (*la superba Albione*) ruled with overbearing domination over this our island; when speculators and merchants descended upon us in troops, pouring out the wine of our mountains, and drinking it to the health of the living in glory of the ruined."

A selection of translated works from the French and English, styled *Biblioteca delle Giovane Madri* (the "Library of Young Mothers"), has been for some time appearing in octavo numbers at Palermo, the translator and editor being Baron Casimiro Pisani, an esteemed gentleman, entirely dedicated to literary pursuits, who has cut himself off from the means of obtaining employment under Government by his refusal to sign the declaration of submission to the King of Naples at the concluding phase of the late revolution. Two volumes of his translations (in each of which are bound up various numbers) I have read: their contents, generally rendered into very "choice Italian," being—Madame de Staël on "the Influence of the Passions;" "Reflections on the social Independence and Education of Women," from a French periodical; "Adolphe," by Benjamin Constant; Fenelon on the Education of Females; "Sophia, or Woman," by Rousseau; and several detached thoughts on the vocation, duties, and charms of the sex, from different authors. The prefaces preceding each translation, and which are the only original parts of this *Biblioteca*, are dedicated to the advocacy of the most just and rational views respecting the calling and claims of woman, without any tendency to favour *ultra* theories of her rights. The translator promises, on the outset, an interspersing of works of fiction; but I was surprised at his choice in performing that promise in the first instance, the "Adolphe," where a woman of degraded position and very selfish nature, as well as frail conduct, is the heroine—not but that some moral may be deduced from this distressing story.

Modern Italian philosophy is, generally speaking, of the eclectic school, inclined to no partisanship, nor hanging on the *ipse dixit* of any infallible leader; of healthful moral tendencies, it is free from perplexing transcendentalism in theory as from mystifications in language, and always (which indeed may be considered in this country a condition of its very existence) arriving at conclusions in accordance with the precepts of Christianity. The great Coryphaei of Metaphysics in this country belonging to our century, it will be remembered, are priests, Gioberti and Rosmini; of the former, I should speak in the past, as also of his cotemporary, the most distinguished philosophic writer in the Neapolitan kingdom, equally orthodox in tendency—Galuppi, Professor at the University of Naples.

Sicilian philosophy has the same characteristics, and its present most esteemed representative is in the College of Jesuits at Palermo, Padre Romano, whose principal work is entitled *L'Uomo Interiore*; (or "Man in his relations with Nature and with God") in three volumes. Setting out with the definition of Reason as the faculty by which we tend to perfection in knowledge and action, the author adopts, as his point of departure, the Cartesian axiom, *Cogito, ergo sum* ("I think, therefore I exist"); and quotes, with assent, Pope's "proper study of mankind is man." His section on the "Origin and Progress of Scepticism" (properly, indeed, a sketch of the History of Philosophy in its opposition to revealed Religion) is spiritedly written and interesting. With Vico, he assumes that the Romans had a philosophy of their own, anterior to the introduction of any systems from Greece. Referring to the period of the *renaissance*, in a lively narrative of those intellectual revolutions, he recognises the revival of Platonism in Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola; of Pythagoreanism, in Giordano Bruno; of the Aristotelian and Pantheistic schools, in Pomponazzo and Vanini; and Democritus he considers to have been represented by Talesio and Campanella. Coming down to the present century, he applauds Dugald Stewart and Reid as "the philosophers of common sense;" Gerbet and Lamennais (of course referring only to the earlier stage in the cameleon career of this latter) as the champions of Revelation, who have evinced its necessity to the well-being and dignity of man. He especially welcomes, as distinguished by justness of views and positivity of principle, the historic school lately sprung up in Catholic Germany, represented by Voigt, Möhler, and Hurter. The system of Descartes (though having adopted its first symbol) he pronounces false, as far as the necessity of beginning with universal doubt is concerned; but not so in its psychologic principle. All radical errors respecting the nature and attributes of Deity he derives from Pantheism; and declares his eclectic bias in a finely-argued passage, importing that the adherence to a new system of philosophy ought not to be, and cannot consist in, the renunciation of all preceding, or the pretending to build all anew, but the uniting under a more elevated point of view all doctrines previously recognised as just.

In some place Romano's style, which is throughout

clear and unaffected, rises into an almost glowing eloquence, in harmony with the elevation of his theme; particularly so in a chapter on "Revelation and Philosophy," where he shows, with finely-sustained dignity and power of reasoning, that all true philosophy, and the solution of all great questions in history, are concentrated and meet in the Gospel of the Redeemer. Jesuit as he is, the reverend metaphysician introduces Christianity on the page of speculative reasoning purely with reference to its great broad tenets, as a field of sublime principles, where all who reject not its very first postulates may meet in confessing a common salvation.

One of the most extraordinary philosophical works, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, is the treatise "on the Human Soul," by Tedeschi, the blind Professor at Catania (whom I have before mentioned); and when we reflect upon the other misfortunes, besides that which has attacked him from birth, of this distinguished man, we may hesitate how to measure the guilt of a Government under which such wrongs can be inflicted unpunished and unatoned for.

On the taking of Catania in 1849, the mother, son, and two daughters of Tedeschi retired for refuge to a small village they owned in a suburb, on the opposite side to that it was imagined the Neapolitans would choose for their march upon the city. They were mistaken—through this very suburb the victorious forces carried their track of desolation and blood. The helpless family assembled in an upper room where was an image of the Virgin with her divine child, and awaited in prayer the issues of their fate, uncertain what sufferings might be at hand. The troops entered the house, where no resistance whatever had been attempted, and deliberately murdered the aged mother, the son, and one daughter of the blind professor: another daughter, who concealed herself under a bed, being wounded by bayonets brutally thrust at her prostrate figure, though not with fatal result. It may give the reader an idea of the state of this country to be informed that such a horror as this—I need not qualify it—passed unnoticed by the press as by the Government; and perhaps the most damning accusation possible against the Neapolitan rule in Sicily was implied in the fact that the bereaved son and father, a man occupying a chair in the first university of the land, did not (as far as is known) even reclaim to a single authority for indemnification or judgment of his unspeakable wrongs!

(To be continued.)

WHIMSICAL BOOK-PLATE.

Attached as a book-plate to each of the volumes and MSS. forming a portion of the extensive and singularly curious library at Great Tatham Hall, near Witham, Essex, the property of that indefatigable collector, Mr. Charles Clark, is found the annexed ingenious piece of poetical pleasantry, entitled:

A PLEADER TO THE SKEWER WHEN A READER.

As all, my friend, through fly-knives, fall often after wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when you've read, to whom this book belongs.
Then one Charles Clark, of Tatham Hall, none to 'a right hath better,
A night, that same, more read than some in the lore of old black-letter.
And as C. C. in Essex dwells—a shire at which all laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem dirt, if they're not bound in calf!
Care take, my friend, this book you've with grease or dirt besmeared it;
While none but awkward puppies will continue to 'dog-ear' it!
And o'er my books when book-worms 'grub,' I'd have them understand.

No marks the margins must de-face from any busy 'hand'!
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when o'er some critic spy leaves.
It always him so woe-lash makes, though they're but on the fly-leaves.
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-fer to deal a fate most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his quires do penance in a sheet!
The Ettrick Hogg—ne'er deem'd it a *de-re*—his candid mind revealing,
Declares, to beg 'a copy' now 'a mere pre-text for stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,
I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such 'fly' should disturb me!

But hold,—though I again declare with-holding I'll not brook,
And 'a sea of trouble' still shall take to bring book-worms 'to book'!

BARNUM ON ADVERTISING.—In his paper, contributed to "Freely's Practical Treatise on Business," the celebrated and successful Barnum says:—"Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other, that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay perhaps; it is like half a potion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent. Some say 'they cannot afford to advertise;' they mistake; they cannot afford *not* to advertise. In a country where everybody reads the newspapers, the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best medium through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you, nor heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspapers."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Dr. SPURGIN has recently published *Six Lectures on Materia Medica, and its Relation to the Animal Economy*; delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1852. These lectures form one of an annual Series of "Six Lectures on Materia Medica," established some years ago by the Royal College of Physicians for the purpose of unfolding the principles of therapeutics, the term "Materia Medica" being employed in its widest and most comprehensive signification. Dr. Spurgin's contribution is, in reality, a disquisition on the nature, constitution, and economy of the blood, which he believes to be not only essential to life, but the very life itself, of the animal which it vivifies. The author's views are anything but common-place, and are expounded very elaborately. He traverses a range of subjects highly interesting to the chemist, the microscopist, the physiologist, and the naturalist. The most important, and perhaps the most happy, of his therapeutical suggestions, is that gaseous remedies applied by inhalation, as we administer chloroform, would probably prove available in many cases. They would certainly have the advantage of being applied immediately to the blood, and would act, if at all, with definite and prompt effect. This little volume will not only be interesting to the profession, but equally acceptable to that large and increasing class of general readers, who, being well grounded in the rudiments of science, are eagerly desirous to understand, theoretically, its bearings upon the principles of medicine. There is, however, nothing in the volume likely to promote the dangerous conceit, "Every man his own doctor." There is, on the contrary, matter for grave consideration for the professional physiologist. Dr. Spurgin takes new ground, and his position, learning, and character, claim that it should be duly examined.

Mr. I. J. ASHTON has thought it worth while to publish a little treatise on *Corns, Bunions, and the Ingrowing of the Toe-Nail*. These much-despised maladies have long been considered the natural property of the quack. But the profession ought not to be supposed to neglect them, nor are they chargeable with doing so. Every educated surgeon knows how to treat them, and we can find nothing in this book that was not well known before. We therefore think we shall oblige any of our readers who are troubled with these pseudo-infirmities, if we admonish them rather to consult their own professional adviser, than to trouble themselves with Mr. Ashton's book.

Diseases of the Human Hair. From the French of M. CAZENAVE. By T. H. BURGESS, M.D.—This is another work of the same character as the one just noticed, and reflects about as much credit on M. Cazenave as upon his learned translator. It is wholly uninteresting as a professional treatise, and equally useless, and even unsafe, as a popular guide. As a remedy for the hairs taking a wrong direction, or being misplaced, a depilatory is recommended, consisting of "equal parts of sulphuret of arsenic and lime, made into a paste with rose-water, and applied to the part for a minute." We caution our fair readers especially, that this is a dangerous application. The arsenic, so applied, is liable to be absorbed into the blood in such quantities as may injure the health more or less seriously. And we cannot but express our surprise, that any member of the profession should give his sanction to the use of a cosmetic far more likely to injure the constitution than to accomplish the object for which it is applied.

Sanitary Measures and their results; being a sequel to "The History of Cholera in Exeter in 1852." By THOMAS SHAPTER, M.D., Physician to the Devon and Exeter Hospital.—This is a book which concerns the public far more than the profession. It is another illustration of disinterested devotion of time and talent on the part of an accomplished physician towards the prevention of disease, which is the very source of his income. Dr. Shapter is an honour to the profession and to human nature. For twenty years he has been working hard, and at length with success, to effect in the city of Exeter those sanitary reforms which sooner or later must take effect in every city not absolutely sunk to the lowest depths of modern barbarism. Here are the results of his labours: "The total deaths from cholera, in Exeter, in the two epidemics of 1832 and 1849, amounted to four hundred and forty-five. Of these, four hundred and two, or ninety per cent. took place with the concomitants of bad drainage and a deficient water supply; while, with (in a great measure) an absence of these conditions, the complementary number of forty-three, or ten per cent. only, occurred." In short, the cholera of 1832 fell as heavily on Exeter as on

London, Bristol, and Plymouth; but in 1849, although London and Bristol suffered still more, and Plymouth quite as much, as on the former visitation, yet Exeter escaped with only a very small amount of disease and death. To give an account of the improvements would be to tell a thrice-told tale. The mode of saving human life from pestilence admits now of no discussion. Men can build healthy habitations if they will. A town can be drained and ventilated easily enough; but it costs money: there is the real difficulty. Pestilence comes like a highwayman of former days, presenting his pistol, "Your money or your life;" but, as the "money" must come from the rich, and the "life" of the poor man is primarily threatened, men deal with the pestilence by selling the lives of their neighbours and keeping the money in their pockets. The man is punished who administers arsenic, or who sells it illegally, because it is a poison capable of killing one person who takes a poisonous dose; but the germ of cholera, as of other epidemics, will not only poison the man who takes it, but a whole city; it will multiply itself and diffuse its poisonous influence wherever bad drains and bad water, close rooms and filth, find for it a soil in which it can grow and luxuriate, be fruitful and multiply. Once more we warn the public authorities. The cholera is reported to have broken out in Paris.

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

In the spring of 1852 a fatal *Epidemic Colic* appeared among the troops at Newera-Elia, in the island of Ceylon; an interesting account of which appears in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for March 1853, from Assistant-Surgeon Alexander Smith, M.D., her Majesty's 37th Regiment. The similarity of the symptoms to those produced by the salts of lead induced Dr. Smith to search for any trace of lead which might be found among the men's rations; and he could discover nothing wrong except in the arrack and the sugar, in which very slight traces of lead were discovered by applying the usual tests. The epidemic had prevailed for three or four months; and, in consequence of this discovery, it was determined that the issue of arrack should be discontinued, and a native sugar called jaggery, obtained from the juice of the cocoa-nut tree, substituted for that previously used by the troops. The issue of arrack ceased on the 28th of May, and the suspected sugar was discontinued two days later. On the 10th June the last case of colic was admitted into the hospital; and on the 20th of the same month there was no longer any case of that disease under treatment. Within a week of the date on which the sugar and arrack ceased to be used the appearance of the troops began to improve. It was also ascertained that, whenever the disease prevailed among the women and children, they had partaken of sugar from the same stock which supplied that used by the troops, and that among the natives, who used jaggery alone, no case of colic had been known to occur. It also appeared that in the other resident families who entirely escaped the complaint, the sugar used had been procured from quite a different source, and had in appearance nothing to identify it with the suspected article. The more diligently epidemics are investigated, the more clearly are they traced to some definite cause. And it is to be hoped that the time may come when he terms "malaria," "fomes," "epidemic influences," &c., will become obsolete and forgotten, before the more intelligible and palpable causes which further inquiries seem likely to develop. The history of this colic epidemic is certainly most instructive, but it is not unique. A similar epidemic broke out about the year 1817 in the silk mills near St. Alban's, at which about thirty girls were employed. Nearly all the girls above the age of puberty were attacked with severe symptoms of lead colic, whereas all the younger girls escaped. The water and the beer, and every usual article of food was examined, without any trace of lead being detected, and the cause of the epidemic, and especially the immunity of the children, was still wrapped in mystery. At length it was mentioned that there was some pork in pickle in a large leaden tank. The tank was lined with oxide of lead, and the liquor was strongly impregnated with other salts of the metal. And it is remarkable that, in accordance with a physiological fact that children seldom acquire a relish for fat meat until after the period of puberty, the elder girls only had partaken of the pork, which was distasteful to the children. The former consequently suffered, and the latter escaped. The epidemic ceased as soon as its source was discovered, but not until it had been fatal to one or two of its victims.

The *Furunculoid Epidemic* is still raging in London with increasing severity. The Registrar-General reports (week ending Saturday, March 12) that "the following four deaths from furunculoid disease were registered in the week: at the Marylebone workhouse, on 8th March, a labourer, aged 68 years, died of anthrax; in Kentish-town, a law student, aged 22 years, on 11th March, carbuncle. In the Islington workhouse, on 8th March, a waiter, aged 65 years,

"carbuncle, exhaustion;" in Soho-square, on 6th March, a woman, aged 46 years, "ovarian dropsy (some years), malignant carbuncle (six weeks)."

The Yellow Fever.—From intelligence brought from the West Indies by the two mail packets, *Thames* and *Orinoco*, recently arrived, we learn that the yellow fever has attacked all kinds of persons indiscriminately—the young and middle-aged, the temperate and intemperate. Few of the young and healthy persons whom it attacked survived. All (except one) who were struck with the fever on board the West-India mail packet *Trent* died. Lieut. Percival, an admiralty agent, and an aged officer, was attacked, and, finding numbers around him flying from its effects, resolved to trust to a vigorous constitution, and abstained from medicine: he recovered.

CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE.—On Sunday morning (20th ult.) the Bishop of London preached a sermon in aid of the funds of this institution. A collection of 80*l.* was made at the doors. His lordship, in speaking of the casualties to which medical men are exposed, in the exercise of their duties, alluded to the lamented decease of the late Dr. Manson, as illustrative of the necessity of an institution to relieve the distress too often consequent on premature widowhood and orphanage.

Dr. FORBES WINSLOW has been elected as President of the Medical Society of London for the present session. On Saturday, March 12th, the new President took the chair at a very full attendance of the Fellows, and delivered an eloquent address, in which he congratulated his audience that they were met together, not to prove how dexterously they could contend with each other, but to elicit truth by the careful examination of facts. He strongly urged the necessity of adhering closely to the principles of inductive reasoning, and deprecated the careless adoption of false facts, and being seduced by specious and hasty generalisations, and led into error by deducing general principles from the consideration of a few particulars.

Septic and Antiseptic Poisons.—The morbid agency by which the venom of the *Cobra di Capello* and other animal poisons prove destructive to life, has always been involved in mystery. The same is true of arsenic and a few other mineral poisons. With respect to the latter, however, an ingenious hypothesis has been put forward by Liebig, who conceives that arsenic poisons, not by virtue of its own direct venom, so to speak, but by its power of arresting those processes of decomposition and destruction which are always going on among the solids and fluids of the body as an essential agency of life. We know on the other hand that some medicines act by promoting or accelerating these necessary changes; and these, in excessive doses, might prove poisonous; by hurrying on the destructive and defecating processes too rapidly. Dr. Cockle is inclined to believe that the venom of the serpent acts in this latter manner, and has published a pamphlet "On the Poison of the Cobra di Capella," to prove this. If this be correct, the cobra poison and arsenic may be instanced as distinct types of two classes of poison, the *septic* and the *anti-septic*. The subject is well worth the attention of physiologists.

Application of a curious Physiological Discovery.—M. ROULIN has lately been experimenting upon silkworms, by giving them coloured articles of food; and he found that by mixing indigo in certain proportions with the mulberry-leaves eaten by the worms just as they were about to spin their cocoons, he was able to give a blue tinge to the silk. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red colouring matter capable of being eaten by the worms without injury. He had some difficulty in finding such a colouring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia China*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry-leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-coloured silk. In this manner the ingenious experimenter hopes, by prosecuting his researches, to obtain from the worm silk of many other colours.

The *Fothergillian Gold Medal* for the best essay on wounds and other injuries of the abdomen, has been awarded to Alfred Poland, Esq. assistant-surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

The *Vaccination-Extension Bill*, introduced by Lord Lyttleton, has created some anxiety on the part of the profession. A deputation on the subject, including Dr. Babington, Mr. Marson and Mr. Grainger, had an interview on the 12th inst. with Viscount Palmerston. The object of the bill is to make vaccination compulsory, an expedient as objectionable in principle as it will be difficult in execution. We doubt much whether the House of Commons will sanction it; if not, the bill must fall to the ground. Some kind of enactment is, however, absolutely necessary; and now that the subject has been brought before Parliament, we trust that the session will not be allowed to close without some final settlement of the question.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

ASTRONOMICAL CHRONOLOGY.

ON THE ECLIPSES OF THALES, AGATHOCLES, AND XERXES.—The Astronomer Royal, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, conveyed to his audience the most striking points of a memoir which he had laid the previous evening before the Royal Society, respecting these ancient eclipses; events which have always excited the keenest interest in the philosophic historian, as affording him, when once accurately determined, chronological data, respecting which no error is possible; these being the definite stamps of Time on the page of History, proving not only the actual day in bygone ages when an event occurred, but also placing in the hands of the historian an instrument whereby the dates of other important transactions of antiquity may be fixed with certainty, thus affording a most powerful if not an irrefragable argument in proof or in disproof of events related in Ancient History.

The eclipse of Thales has long been one of especial interest, referring as it does to a point of time connecting the history of Asia Minor and the Grecian colonies there, with that of the great Eastern Empire. The precise date of this eclipse has long been a subject of discussion amongst men capable of forming an opinion, worthy of respect, on a subject requiring no inconsiderable learning. The astronomer, by his science, retraces the march of the heavenly bodies for successive centuries, and confidently describes the phenomenon which then occurred, almost to its minutest features. But striking as this manifestation of astronomical knowledge is, it requires a combination of observation and theory with a full sense of their possible inaccuracies, an acquaintance with general criticism, history, and tradition, with a careful examination of the accompanying geographical and military circumstances, to arrive at a correct conclusion on this subject. In the last century the mode of calculating distant eclipses was most vague, and in truth valueless; nor was any great improvement effected until the correction of the lunar theory as applicable to the computation of eclipses, and especially with respect to the motion of the perigee and node, discovered by Laplace. In explanation of these changes in the moon's motion, Mr. Airy pointed out that the force acting upon the moon which tends to draw it toward the earth, is not simply the attraction of the earth, but is this attraction diminished by a disturbing force arising from the sun's attraction. Sometimes the sun attracts the moon towards the earth, or the earth towards the moon; sometimes it produces the contrary effect; but on the whole it rather draws the moon away from the earth. The earth's attraction diminishes the nearer the sun approaches it, and therefore in an elliptic orbit, such as the earth describes around the sun (or such as the sun appears to describe around the earth), the diminution of the earth's attraction is greater when the earth is nearest, than when it is farthest from the sun. It might be supposed that one of these effects exceeds that which would happen when the earth is at its mean distance from the sun, just as much as the other falls short of it; but in reality the excess is greater than the deficiency, and, therefore, the more eccentric the earth's orbit is, the greater is the disturbing force; and whilst these circumstances are unchanged, the magnitude of the moon's orbit will not be sensibly altered.

However, in consequence of the perturbation produced by the planets, although the earth's mean distance from the sun remains unaltered from age to age, yet the eccentricity of its orbit is diminishing from age to age; therefore the sun's disturbing force is diminishing from age to age; and the real force which acts upon the moon, as tending to draw it towards the earth, therefore increases from age to age; and from age to age the moon approaches a little nearer to the earth, and performs the revolution a little quicker. Little indeed is this effect, since between one lunation and the next, taking one with another, the moon's distance from the earth is diminished by about one-fourteenth of an inch. Now, the effect of the abstraction of the one-fourteenth of an inch from 207,200 miles (the mean distance between the earth and moon) once a month, one would fancy could not possibly affect the moon's motion; but in the application of the laws of mechanics generally, and with the law of gravitation in particular, where the magnitude of the force varies with the square of the distance, the effect of a variation of the smallest fraction of an inch is as certain and as unfailing, in proportion to its magnitude, as that of a thousand miles: so that, small as is the effect on the moon's apparent motion by its almost imperceptible diminution of its orbit, yet, wonderful to relate, in the course of 2400 years this effect is really so important as, in the case of eclipses, to completely change the face of the heavens; so that an eclipse might occur in Asia or Africa which, but for this monthly diminution of the fraction of an inch and its consequences, we might expect to take place at that time in America.

The late Mr. Francis Baily was the first to apply the lunar tables constructed by Bürg in accordance with the discovery of secular change, to the determination of the date of the eclipse of Thales. The story

of this eclipse is, that in the reign of Alyattes, the father of Croesus, King of Lydia, the Medes invaded Lydia, and that a long war ensued, until at length, either on the drawing out the respective armies for battle or during the fight, the day was turned into night; an event which so scared the combatants that peace was immediately made between them. This eclipse is said to have been predicted by Thales of Miletus, and has thus been named after him. Herodotus does not mention the precise spot where of course the eclipse was total, but it has been presumed that the battle-field was between the Halys and the Upper Euphrates. Scaliger fixes the date of this event Oct. 1, 585 B.C. Volney, Feb. 3, 626 B.C. and Mayer, in May 603 B.C.; but these dates are, at the best, guesses founded on insufficient data.

Mr. Baily correctly observed that nothing but a total eclipse would produce the effect detailed, a remark Mr. Airy confirms from his own observations of the total eclipses of 1842 and 1851, which he describes as the most fearful phenomena of nature to be witnessed by man, and of the dread horror of which no partial or annular eclipse can convey the slightest idea. Employing Bürg's tables, Mr. Baily computed all the eclipses visible in Asia Minor within the period during which the eclipse of Thales must have occurred, and found that the one of Sept. 30, 610 B.C., was the only one which could have been total, and that its shadow would cross the mouth of the river Halys, its centre passing, during the forenoon, in a right line through Armenia into Persia; consequently he fixed on this as the true date. But when, using the same tables, he calculated the date of the eclipse of Agathocles, he found that an error existed somewhere, so that if the eclipse of Agathocles really took place, that of 610 B.C. could not have been total in Asia Minor; a discrepancy which his candour and love of truth led him to avow, at the same time stating his belief that no change in the tables could make any but the eclipse of 610 B.C. total in Asia Minor.

The lecturer then explained the connexion between the eclipses of Thales and Agathocles, and showed that, although nearly three hundred years apart, errors in the calculation of one must also influence the other. He also sketched the great improvements which have been made, both in astronomical science and geographical knowledge, since Mr. Baily made his calculations, as well as the causes of uncertainty still remaining in the results of any calculation made for such distant periods in spite of these advances in science. These are, firstly, the possible errors which may creep into the working of the details of the lunar theory; and, secondly, errors in the observations from which the elements are deduced that are to be combined with the theory, especially as the observations go back no further than 1760 A.D. Fortunately, the elements of the moon's motions may be corrected by any positively authenticated eclipse, of which both the exact date and precise spot of total obscuration are known. Such is the eclipse of Aug. 31, A.D. 1030, during the battle of Stiklasted, at which Olaf, King of Norway, was killed. Another is that already referred to, of Agathocles, Aug. 15, 310 B.C., the exact place of total obscuration of which, however, is somewhat doubtful. When Agathocles was blockaded in Syracuse by the Carthaginians, he took advantage of a diversion caused by the approach of a provision fleet, to break the blockade; and, although pursued by the Carthaginian ships, contrived to effect his escape. Landing at a place called the Quarries, on the coast of the Carthaginian territory, he made a razzia through their provinces, reducing the citizens of Carthage to such distress that, in their terror, they sacrificed 500 children to their god, Kronos. From the geographical researches of Capt. W. H. Smyth and of Mr. J. H. Bosanquet, together with his own historical investigations, Mr. Airy adopts Alhowareh (Aquilaria), under Cape Bon, where enormous ancient quarries still exist, as the landing-place of Agathocles: he also believes that this tyrant sailed to the north, the provision fleet most likely having been sent from Gela; and concludes that on the morning after quitting the harbour of Syracuse, when this total eclipse took place, Agathocles was near Messina, if he sailed northward—but, if southward, he would be near Cape Passaro. When the requisite corrections were made in the Greenwich determination of the places of the moon's node to accord with both these conditions, these tables were taken as the basis of the investigations connected with the eclipse of Thales. The lecturer, from a most careful and elaborate review of all the historical and lately-acquired geographical evidence which can be brought to bear on this important point of history, concludes that the Medes marched by the road descending from the south of the range of Mount Taurus, into the plain of Tarsus and Adana, skirting the sea by Issus to Antioch; and that the field of battle between them and the Lydians would probably be included in the polygon whose angles are Issus, Melitene, Ancyra, Sardes, and Iconium.

Having thus cleared the way, Mr. Airy stated that, on calculating the eclipses which had occurred for many years before and subsequent to 600 B.C., he found that the only eclipse which answers to the requisite conditions is that of May 28, 585 B.C., and that this one does so in a most satisfactory manner; and that no other between 630 and 580 B.C. could have

passed over Asia Minor. This date is the one adopted by the principal ancient chronologists, and has also been verified by the astronomical calculations of Mr. J. R. Hind, made concurrently with those of the Astronomer Royal, who now regards this date of 585 B.C. as completely established. Moreover, the path of the shadow of the eclipse of Agathocles, which best agrees with the historical and geographical conditions involved, is one which implies a correction of the Greenwich elements corresponding with the northern or Messinian station, and excludes the possibility of its having taken the southern route by Cape Passaro. The lecture was concluded with allusions to a tradition noticed by Sir J. Malcolm in the poetical history of Persia, indicating a total eclipse which occurred during an expedition of the Persians into Mazanderan; but it appears that no total eclipse passed over that country at all near the period in question, so that, considering the strange perversion of names which constantly occurs in Persian history, Mr. Airy suggested that this tradition might refer to the eclipse of Thales. With respect to the total solar eclipse mentioned by Herodotus as having taken place when Xerxes set out from Sardes on his invasion of Greece, the lecturer regards it as being the total eclipse of the moon of March 14, 479 B.C.; the fact of a solar total eclipse being irreconcilable with history. If this idea of the total lunar eclipse of March 14th be adopted, the invasion of Greece must be placed one year later than is now given by the received chronology.

CHEMISTRY.

HOW NEW BREAD BECOMES STALE.—M. Bous-singault starts on this inquiry with the assumption that the change of condition in bread, known by the terms "new" and "stale," is usually attributed to loss of moisture; and that the presumed greater nutritive qualities of stale over new bread are due to the greater weight of nourishment contained in the former than in the latter. Both these assumptions seem to me gratuitous ones; but as they in nowise involve the subject of inquiry, we may at once proceed to the fact, that the crispest and nicest crust becomes tough and leathery by mere keeping, whilst the soft part or crumb as readily loses its springy flexibility, becoming *crumbly* under the same circumstances. Now it is this change of the crumb of bread with which we have to do; for there can be no doubt that the change in the crust, from crispness to toughness, is wholly due to the absorption of water, chiefly yielded by the soft crumb, but sometimes in part from a damp external atmosphere. M. Bous-singault fairly instances the return of stale bread to the condition of new on being again put into the oven or toasted, when stale bread itself parts with water, as good and sufficient evidence against the supposition that staleness is due to desiccation. Various experiments were made with bread under diverse conditions, from the chief of which it appears that a loaf just drawn from the oven requires the lapse of about twenty-four hours to fall to the temperature of the surrounding air, when it became what is termed "half-stale," the loss of weight from evaporation of water being 0.008 per cent.; this loss amounting to 0.01 per cent. when the loaf was a week old and very stale. Other experiments demonstrate a fact well known to good housekeepers, that stale bread may be made to assume the condition of new bread by merely heating it, for an almost indefinite number of times, that is, until it has actually been dried up; and they also show that this return to the "new" condition may be effected at 120° to 150° Fahr. From a consideration of these circumstances, M. Bous-singault inclines to the belief that during the cooling of bread a special molecular state is induced, which is developed to its full extent when the bread becomes very stale, it continuing in this special molecular condition whilst the temperature remains below a certain point; but when re-heated above this point it reassumes its primary molecular condition as "new" bread. Change of molecular condition may be familiarly illustrated by the melting of crystalline sugar at a comparatively high temperature into a transparent liquid which may be moulded at discretion, becoming a transparent solid, *barley-sugar*, on cooling; by the lapse of time a molecular change is set up, and the barley-sugar becomes opaque and gradually returns to its original state of crystalline sugar. M. Thenard somewhat inclines to the opinion that bread is a hydrated body softening by heat and solidifying by cold: an opinion wholly untenable, the molecular change advocated by M. Bous-singault being both probable and consistent with observation.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

COFFEE-LEAF TEA.—In the *Pharmaceutical Journal* for March some extracts from Indian newspapers are collected relative to the use of the leaves of the coffee-plant in making a pleasant beverage, to be used as a substitute, and even as a preferential substitute, for tea. This proposal is, on the face of it, by no means absurd and deserving to be treated as a mere traveller's story, since the resemblances between the peculiar principle of the tea-leaf, or *Thein*, and of the coffee-leaf, or *Coffein*, are singularly great and many, and it requires no great exercise of faith to admit the probability of the presence of a somewhat similar principle in the leaves of the coffee-plant.

It appears that it has long been customary for

the natives of Sumatra, at any rate those of the islands comprising the settlement of Singapore, to use an infusion of the coffee-leaf; and that wherever this plant is cultivated the infusion of the leaf is universally drunk, and looked upon as an article of first necessity. Now I cannot say this is much to the purpose, since we well know that beverages, distasteful enough and even disgusting to our palates, are eagerly drunk by many nations; but, to pass on: it appears that where the coffee-plant grows luxuriantly, as in Ceylon for instance, it is advisable to prune the trees to increase their bearing, just as with other fruitiers, so that the leaves thus supplied by a coffee-plantation, from the prunings and loppings, would by no means be inconsiderable in amount. Besides these, it is further stated that the leaves which ripen and fall from the plant contain the largest proportion of extractive, and yield the richest infusion; so that the writer prophesies that, should the coffee-leaf come into general use, the ripe leaf will be as carefully collected as the ripe fruit. I confess this assertion renders one very sceptical of the whole story, since the ripening of fruit is, with it, the stage of perfection, whilst the tinging and fall of the leaf is a stage of decay.

The native mode of preparing the coffee-leaves is to roast them over embers, taking care not to burn them, their quality and flavour depending on their being both equally and thoroughly roasted, so as, on the one hand, to get rid of any raw vegetable flavour; and, on the other, not to spoil the aroma by singeing the leaf. Both stalks and leaves are used, and, when roasted, are powdered by rubbing together in the hands, and infused in boiling water, as is usual with tea.

The "Old Sumatran," who details all these particulars, states that he drinks this infusion of the leaf daily, and is as loud in its praises as any Jack-Pudding is of his special nostrums. It is this ascription of every virtue under the sun to this coffee-leaf drink that throws the greatest doubt upon the entire story, and suggests the suspicion whether this enthusiast for coffee-leaves (nervousness, biliousness, rain, heat, cold, hunger, and exhaustion being as nought if we but use this leaf) and a Dr. Gardner, who it seems has taken out a patent for this preparation, are not, in reality, one and indivisible.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

IN the *Builder*, Vol. XI. pp. 104, 105, 153, &c. is a series of engravings illustrating the *Napoleon Circus* at Paris. The editor applied to the architect, M. Hittorff, for particulars. "With a promptness and disregard of personal trouble, which contrast strongly with the careless grudging aid exhibited on a like application by two or three of our own countrymen whom we could name, M. Hittorff sent us a complete and beautiful set of drawings of his interesting building. From these we have prepared engravings," &c. Such are the editor's remarks on so much of the matter as affects the question of courtesy. M. Hittorff is not only a gentleman, but an able architect also; and we find it difficult to believe that any able architect can be other than a gentleman. Whether the signified "two or three of our own countrymen" were averse to more trouble than their mere business requires—whether they held criticism in contempt, or in dread—these are points which may remain in question; but, under any circumstances, M. Hittorff has afforded an example of courteous regard, gratuitous pains, and frank submission, which our most distinguished professors would do well to imitate.

During our last year's "Reports" we made laudatory mention of Batty's Circus, as a good specimen of temporary construction; and we expressed ourselves on the subject of the kind of structure now alluded to, as worthy of more architectural treatment than it had yet, in modern times, received. The purposes of the equestrian amphitheatre involve some which are well deserving of more dignified and permanent provision than has been heretofore only supplied by the common barricade and moveable tent, with their rickety boarding, red rags, and somewhat disreputable associations. The required scale and form of such a structure, with the stability which ought to be also required, are favourable to the development of the most distinguished architectural ability; and we conceive that, as a mere matter of speculation, an amphitheatre might be found to answer in our larger and more opulent cities and towns.

M. Hittorff's "Napoleon Circus" at Paris is as artistic a production as can be found in that splendid city. Externally and internally it is a thing of imposing beauty and truthful expression. Its Corinthian decorations denote it a place of gaiety and pleasure, while its bas-reliefs and statuary signify unmistakably the nature of the entertainment it affords. The exception to the satisfactory effect of the exterior generally is, we think, to be found in the lack of a balustrade or blocking-course above the main cornice; this, according to our notion, being rendered necessary by the projecting pieces of entablature at each angle of the polygon. Had the entablature

been uninterruptedly continuous, no such addition would have been required; but we cannot help feeling that some crowning member is wanted to carry off that appearance of abruptness which at present exists in the termination of what may be termed the *buttresses* of the building. Perhaps a *continuous* balustrade or blocking-course is not required; but assuredly a block, or ornament of some kind, should have been employed as an *ante-fica* against the foot of each of the main ribs of the roof. Nothing were easier than to supply it now. We have our own ideas of the ornament which might suit; but it would be presumption on our part to venture on more than we have already expressed. M. Hittorff had, doubtless, his reasons for making the building polygonal; but it would be our aim, in the event of being called upon to design such a structure, to preserve the circular form of the ancient amphitheatre; to employ our engaged columns thickly, as a pseudo-peristyle; to place our equestrian *reliero* in a capacious frieze (after the Venetian fashion) above the architrave of the colonnade; and to crown the same with a bold cornice, proportioned to the entire elevation. We do not quite feel that the continental architects have that regard for the pictorial and scenic which is occasionally exhibited with much success by some of our own. A certain classic propriety seems to be the especial care of the former; and a scrupulous observance of refinement in detail; a dread of any dash at an effect, which might by possibility smack of the vulgar; a reluctance, in short, to venture on what may be termed *painter's* architecture. The view of the *Interior of the Walkalla, Ratisbon* (see *Builder*, vol. X., p. 535), affords an instance of what we mean. The details are all individually studied with obvious care; but there is, in the entire composition, a want, in the perspective effect, which a few touches by a scene-painter would instantly afford. The Caryatides are not sufficient to carry up the vertical lines of the projecting pieces to the ceiling; and they seem painfully inadequate to support the heavy cubical masses which again support the great transverse solids of the roof. They should have been backed by solid engaged *antæ* of their own bulk, the lines of these *antæ* being replied to by corresponding ones in the profile of the projecting pier. The skylight openings, too, are meagre in their finish. It appears as if the ceiling had, in the first instance, been formed of a pervading paneling, without any thought of a skylight; and that, subsequently, eighteen of the panels (or *cassoons*) had been cut away to afford an opening for the glazier. This impression would have been quite prevented, if those beams, which continue in direct lines (longitudinally and transversely) from the four angles of the opening, had been distinguished from the others by greater solidity, so as to signify the superior strength which these main supports would, in construction, really require, over that of the secondary timbers which are framed into them. These are matters not affecting only the question of constructive propriety; nor do they concern alone the judgment of the architect. The casual and common observer receives an impression, satisfactory or not, without knowing, or caring to know, why it is that he is satisfied or otherwise. We wish, however, that our readers would take the trouble to turn to the wood-engraving to which we now refer, in the belief that they will acknowledge the obvious reason in our remarks, and so learn to consider how intimate is the union between—or rather how identical are—constructive propriety and architectural beauty.

We also, in the course of our last year's critiques, made particular reference to the subject of *Fountains*, as things in which the poetry of nature should be as much as possible retained, in connexion with the artificialities of sculptural design. In the *Builder*, Vol. X. p. 787, is an engraving of the *Fountain on the Esplanade of Nîmes*, by M. Questel, architect. It is an imposing and beautiful composition, comprising a massive pedestal, supporting four surrounding figures, and a crowning statue, with four elegant vases, rising in the midst of a capacious octagonal basin; and, we think, that, with a "little more matter and less art," it would have been a most satisfactory example of its kind, i. e. as an insulated and sculpture-group fountain; but the twenty little jets of water, springing from as many spouts, in formal curves and geometrical regularity, are utterly at variance with the general mass of the design, and with that freedom of action, without which water loses its charm, and becomes a plaything of spun glass. If we are to have a *trifling* stream, let it, in the name of natural propriety (or *impropriety*), be after the fashion of the well-known fountain at Brüssel, where a little black boy delivers his liquid superfluity with the most unhesitating and shameless innocence into the pitchers of the water-carriers. There is at least no "art" in the *manikin's* delivery; but, in M. Questel's fountain it prevails to a ridiculous extent; and we require the "more matter," not only in the pervading fall of water, but also in the substance of the lower part of the composition. If the under portion of the four vases had been finished in a less finished manner, gradually descending in a more and more rock-like form into the sub-basin; if one bold gush of water had fallen from each of the four (instead of the eight) sides of the superstructure, into the vases; and, if (instead of the sixteen teapot

streams) a vertical shower of water had fallen from the entire lip-lines of the four vases into the general reservoir;—will not our readers, we ask, agree with us in feeling that, had such been the management of the water action, it would have been more consonant with the nature of that free element which is primarily the very theme of the architect's endeavor?

In check to the headlong course of our Gothic Mediaevalists, we would point to the *Tomb of Madame Delaroche, Mont Martre*, Mons. F. Duban, Architect, illustrated in the *Builder*, vol. XI., p. 21, and displaying, as the editor observes, much "elegant fancy." The ironwork fence surmounting the inclosing parapet (which latter is, in itself, as good as it is simple) is exceedingly beautiful; and we may here remark on an idea which has often presented itself, as we have been oppressed by the sight of the heavy masses of stone which it is the custom to place over the dead, as if in cruel opposition to the oft-repeated apostrophe—"Lie lightly on him, Earth!" The resignation of the body to become reincorporate with "the dust wherof 'tis made," or to reappear, as it were, in the form of floral or verdant life, has ever seemed to us a feeling too little cultivated. The touching and beautiful expression of Laertes, "Lay her i' the earth; and from her unpolled flesh let violets spring," might well be the text of a sepulchral sentimentalist; and, for our own beloved dead, we could be content to take the mere inclosure of M. Duban's tomb, as the protecting boundary of the "small consecrated spot," which should otherwise exhibit nothing beyond the evergreens and successively blowing flowers, symbolising the vitality the worm cannot destroy, and leaving the idea of no encumbering impediment to the resurrection from the grave. The necessary inscription might be the decoration of the stone or marble parapet, which would be sufficiently protected by the step projecting all round. No doubt the taste in these matters is improving; but the example now under notice is more than commonly suggestive of an improvement in the very principle of cemeterial design. We say nothing against commemorative monuments, erected to the honour of deceased worth or greatness, more especially when they result rather from public appreciation than from private partiality; but these need not have their place over the grave of the interred; and that, we think, should be left free for the winds to sigh over, and for "the gentle rain from heaven" to drop upon, like the "mercy" which seeks us all.

By a paragraph in a public print of authority, we observe that Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the cupola of St. Paul's are to be restored! In other words, all the reasonings of those who can think and feel equally for painting and architecture, in their distinct and combined relations, are to be set aside, without any explanatory condescension. If Thornhill's designs are worth preservation for their own sake, let them be copied and put up in some situation more favourable to their due estimation, and less injurious to the character of the noble piece of architecture which they have hitherto positively defaced with imitative distortion. Copies of them "in little" would show better in the mural panels expressly prepared for paintings in the lower part of the cathedral, than any restoration of them in their present absurd position can possibly do. The worst of all this is the careless disregard it manifests on the part of the general public.

The *New Church of St. Matthew*, Marylebone, from designs by the Messrs. Francis (see *Illustr. Lond. News*, Jan. 8, 1853), has been consecrated by the Bishop of London, in spite of its unorthodox Italian character. To be sure, the Bishop of St. Paul's is, of all bishops, the one who may not take exception to the Roman style, the less so, because, in this instance, the campaniles of his own cathedral are obediently imitated; we do not say *copied*, for we are speaking of general idea, not of servile repetition. We could, however, have desired a less violent transition from the right-angular cornice of the substructure to the diagonal splay of the towers above it. An intervening pedestal is unquestionably required to conduct the eye with easy gradation from the one to the other; and to this end the turrets of St. Paul's might have been more regarded with advantage. The front, generally speaking, is well proportioned; and its entire central compartment (judging from the print) particularly so; but the doors and windows of the wings should have been considerably removed inwards, so as to leave a greater substance of angle pier, or coin. Nothing more deteriorates from the majesty of a building than that expression of weakness which invariably results from slender angle piers. Every educated eye is influenced by a knowledge of the thickness of the wall within; and, strictly speaking, an allowance for that thickness should always be made, over and above the space that should intervene between it and the reveal of the door or window opening next to it. The defect is, in the instance under remark, particularly noticeable.

The *New Church at Kingswood*, Surrey, by Mr. Ferrey, takes its type from the old churches, which, though exhibiting generally features of later date, retain, in their simple and massive central tower, the sign of a Norman origin. (See *Illustr. Lond. News*, Jan. 22, 1853.) The effect is altogether pleasing, and Mr. Ferrey's is high authority; but we cannot help feeling the want of perfect concordance

between the comparatively decorative character of the body of the church and the unrelieved plainness of the superstructure. The buttresses of the former, aiding the sentiment of verticality, leave the tower with an horizontal expression, which (though it is, in fact, high enough) make it appear low; nor can we see why, above the cube, against which the four roofs abut, the buttresses of the body of the church should not have been repeated.

The *Builder*, vol. XI. p. 85, gives a woodcut of a *House Front at Perugia*; a specimen of that mongrel design which, for critical value, is not much better than the "carpenter's Gothic" of Batty Langley. The doorway is a pleasing example of Italianised Norman; the windows above are as distinct from all the rest of the composition as lightness from weight, weakness from strength, or meagre attenuation from substance. We are at a loss to perceive what principles of design are illustrated or assisted by the dissemination of an example such as this—by the supply of such a precedent for the ineffective combination of unharmonising parts. In that which is bad on the whole there may be features of great individual beauty; and there are many instances of the kind in the Gothicised structures of Italy. The selection of these "elegant extracts" is a good work, and it should be industriously carried on; but the rejection of the rest is equally a duty by those who are seeking the establishment of catholic rules for the government of the architectural student, and for the guidance of public observation. We have ever felt that the publication of the late Mr. Hope's architectural writings and illustrations has been most disturbing to the settlement of any sound principles of design or criticism; and the weight given to his authority, by his unquestioned ability and learning, is an evil from which it is difficult to free those readers who have too exclusively studied him. He has taken examples which are merely interesting in their character as illustrations of transitional progress, and has sought permanently to confirm them as standard models for approval and imitation. According to our own notions, he has rapturously eulogised positive abomination; spoken scornfully of essential excellence; disregarded the true; disseminated the false; and proved himself the very grand master of the mongrel in taste. Of the historical portion of his letterpress, and of much besides that is not subject to his prejudices, too much in praise cannot be said; and, as in the case of the *House Front at Perugia*, we earnestly wish the truly valuable parts of his work could be separated from other portions, which, under correction, we deem of worse than no value.

We wonder whether Mr. Hope would have condescended to notice the composition given in the *Builder*, vol. XI. p. 121—the *Doorway of the Library of St. Genevieve*, Paris, by M. Labrousse. It is essentially French; i.e., a thing rather of superficial grace and beauty than of power and effect; betokening more classic refinement than pictorial feeling; more "French polish" than artistic vigour; more of the cabinet-maker and upholsterer than of the architect. Peculiarly French are the pedestals under the candelabra on each side the door. It would appear as if the public-way authorities had forbidden their projection, compelling the architect to shave off their faces, so as to leave a mere sectional superficies, unrelieved by anything except the little rosettes, which just do away with the excuse that might have been found in the supposed tyranny of the way-wardens.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The Fine Arts; their Nature and Relations. By M. GUIZOT. Translated, with the assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVE. With illustrations, drawn on wood, by GEORGE SCHARF, Jun. London: Bosworth.

GUIZOT informs us in his preface that it was between the years 1808 and 1814, at a time when Europe was distracted by war, and when France, weary at home and too busy abroad, had ceased to think of liberty—it was then he learned to admire, to love, and to understand those marvels of art which the victorious armies of France, in their march over the world, had amassed and brought back with them to the metropolis. It was then that he made a study of art, and, for his own instruction, composed the essay upon its principles which is now before us; and, by way of testing their truth, he wrote descriptions of certain famous pictures, illustrating his own views or exhibiting some points in the history of art. It is with the introductory discourse, and not with the descriptions, that we purpose now to deal; for whatever there is of originality in this volume will be found in that portion of it.

Guizot commences with an examination of the proper functions and capacities of the three arts—Sculpture, Painting, and Engraving—and he states that it is his endeavour "from the nature, aims, and processes of each of these arts, to deduce the laws to which it is subject, and thus

to lay the first steps of that ladder which is mounted with rapid strides by genius."

He dismisses at once the question as to the relative superiority of sculpture and painting. Each is excellent in its way. Each has its own province, and it is very important to the advancement of each that artists should know "in what the two agree, and in what they differ—what they can or cannot borrow from each other—what is the peculiar province of each—what are the boundaries which divide them, and what is the particular goal for which each should strive, and which neither can with safety lose sight of."

The paths of the painter and sculptor are distinct. It has been said that the aim of sculpture is to represent the forms of figures; that of painting to represent their general appearances. But from this definition Guizot dissents, and properly. The painter also deals in forms, and the sculptor must study general appearance. In this respect they endeavour to produce the same effect by different means. What the sculptor effects by positive resemblances of forms, the painter effects by the use of light and shadow. When we look at a piece of sculpture we know that we are looking at a raised surface; when we look at a good picture, though we know that we are looking at a plane surface, the eye sees as if it were looking at a raised one. The same optical laws that enable us to see the roundness of a statue present to us also the flat forms of a picture as round, and we should not know that it was a flat surface if experience did not correct the eye. That most interesting instrument, the stereoscope, at once reveals to us the extent of the deception which our eyes practise upon us. There the plane surface appears as round and raised as sculpture; and, if the instrument had been immediately removed without a revelation of its mysteries, the acutest philosopher would not have believed that he had been gazing at a flat surface only.

But not the less have sculpture and painting different functions, which it is necessary distinctly to understand, to guard artist and critic against dangerous mistakes. Guizot thus defines them:

Sculpture represents situations, and painting actions.

We would add this further—that sculpture represents form, and painting expression.

In both of these definitions of the functions of the two arts, it is necessary to remember that they are designed to express only a relative, and not an absolute truth. Sculpture does aim sometimes, and with more or less of success, in representing both action and expression, and painting depicts both form and situation. But such are not their proper functions. Expression can rarely be given to marble, and no skill can convey the idea of positive action. All the finest works of sculpture are in repose. Even the Laocoon is not struggling. The conflict has ceased. There is resignation to die. Guizot adds—

Sculpture has, further, a less capacity than painting for the representation of motion. The known weight of marble, and its want of colour, prevent the imagination from being deluded, even for a moment, into a belief in the movement of sculptured figures. When the life of a man is not shown in its movements, it manifests itself in his complexion and colour, which seem to say that, though at rest, he is on the point of moving. To a certain degree this is the case with a painted figure; for, although lifeless and immovable, the painter has imparted to it all the characteristics of vitality; but marble cannot be made to receive any of these characteristics, and is therefore unsuited for the representation of any kind of action; and if the sculptor has attempted to make it take one of those violent expressions which are sometimes seen in nature, the action partakes in execution of the hardness and rigidity of the material, and appears stiffer, more permanent, more eternal, if I may be allowed the word, than it would in a picture. Now, since every violent action is transitory, and since it is desirable as far as possible to avoid fixing that which should be quickly over, sculpture is less than any other art suited to this kind of expression, because the very material in which the sculptor works gives a certain amount of heaviness and rigidity to his performance.

For the same reason, whatever action is represented by sculpture must be simple and intelligible, not complicated with many figures.

When the sculptors of antiquity represented the Muses, they never attempted to unite or group them in combined action; but they gave each muse separately, with her appropriate accessories; each statue formed an independent whole, and it was left to the painter to combine the nine in one picture.

Hence there are many subjects, wholly without the province of sculpture, which are master-

pieces for the painter. On the other hand, many subjects are admirably adapted for the sculptor which the painter could not treat effectively. The most appropriate are those that consist of fixed and individual positions rather than actions; and if he attempts action, it should be of a simple and easy kind. The masterpieces of antiquity sufficiently show how thoroughly the old sculptors understood this. Nor can sculpture express rapidly and passionate anger. Michael Angelo could not throw so much force into his statues as into his frescoes. The ancient sculptors often represented the passion of grief, but never that of rage, because the former is an abiding emotion, capable of being observed and produced at pleasure, while the latter is transitory.

Hence the main essential of sculpture is simplicity, in the choice of subject, in expression, in form, and in attitude.

By simplicity of expression it is meant that the sculptor should restrict himself to portraying one emotion or passion, or at most a few emotions of so kindred a character that they will combine without difficulty. Not less important is

SIMPLICITY OF FORM.

But it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently remarked that an intimate connexion there is between this simplicity and the very nature of the art which we are considering, and the means at its command. Were the sculptor to attempt to imitate nature in minor details, he would fail to produce the effect which she produces, while he would miss that which is within his reach. Thus the great masters of antiquity treated the hair of their statues in masses, because they felt that the nature of marble forbade its being divided into detached filaments, and that any attempt to produce actual lightness by such means would result in an opposite effect, while by disposing it in broad and well-defined masses, and by attention to light and shade, all the appearance of lightness could be obtained. Thus, too, they put no pupils into the eyes of their finest statues, because, as the pupil is not really a projection, there would be in the small cavity necessary to mark it, a mean appearance inconsistent with a grand effect: they also probably wished to avoid giving the eyes a fixed and unnatural look.

But, unless I am deceived, the main cause of the simplicity and breadth of surface which we observe in their statues, is to be found in the knowledge which these sculptors had of the effects of light and shade. The surface of the human body is doubtless much more uneven and broken up than that of a statue; the irregularities and markings of the skin far more numerous, and there are a greater number of minute projections and recesses. In statues intended to be looked at from a distance, not only would these details be lost labour, but they would injure the general effect.

Simplicity of attitude is a natural condition of subjects suited for sculpture. The common rule as to this is that the attitude should directly arise out of the action or the condition of mind which it is designed to represent.

The range of the painter is vastly wider, but his difficulties are greater. The effect of single figures will in his hands be much less than in those of the sculptor. Having to give to his figures the signs of life, expression, colour, features, complexion, he cannot represent them in a state of rest or inaction. The painter, therefore, has no need to borrow from the sculptor either the composition of his picture or the attitudes of his figures. A figure at rest naturally and unconsciously takes the position best suited to the development of its characteristic forms. But if the action be one of several figures,

Then the place and attitude of each will be determined by the part which it plays, because by ceasing to be isolated each one loses the right of being represented and considered as an individual; it is no longer to the actors, but to the actions of his picture, that the artist must draw attention; he must sacrifice any peculiarity of attitude which would unduly arrest the attention and distract it from the general effect, even though by so doing single figures should suffer. His main endeavour will be now no longer to develop the forms of his figures in the best manner; he will no longer place them just as he chooses; but he will give them those positions which they ought to occupy as coadjutors in a joint action.

Very truthfully also does Guizot remark that, in the motion and variety of a lengthened action, the actors take attitudes entirely different from those assumed by single figures, the action of which is confined to themselves.

For example, a swordsman exercising his weapons before a wall, would neither attack or defend himself as he would if opposed to an antagonist. A man heaving a stone for the sake of exercise or practice, will not assume the attitudes or make the motions that he would if he were hurling at an enemy;

because, in both cases, though the act is the same, the intention is different, and the intention changes the manner of the act.

Hence the study of sculpture is dangerous to the painter, who should not seek to acquire the knowledge of his art from the statue, but from nature. He can borrow nothing from it, and he may acquire much that would be injurious. The painter's art can only be learned from the living form, and there only can he acquire a warm and lifelike colouring. Such is an outline of the views of art which Guizot afterwards endeavours to illustrate by reference to its masterpieces, which he passes in review, with a description of the peculiar merits of each. To these great value has been given by Mr. Scharf, who accompanies them with small but exquisitely-drawn outlines of the pictures themselves, so that the reader who is not familiar with the canvass may form an accurate conception of the composition, at least. This volume is, consequently, in itself a work of art, with very high claims to regard from the lovers of art, and as such it is that we have noticed it in this department of THE CRITIC.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE restoration of Thornhill's decorations in St. Paul's Cathedral has been commenced.—The members of the committee charged with an inquiry into the constitution and management of the National Gallery are Col. Mure, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Stirling, Mr. R. Currie, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Marshall, Lord Seymour, Mr. Vernon, Lord Brooke, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Ewart, Mr. B. Wall, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Hardinge, Lord Graham, and Mr. Hamilton.—The Royal Commission of the Fine Arts, which has charge of the decorations of the New Palace at Westminster, has determined on giving further commissions in execution of the sculpture series that is to embellish the House of Lords. Amongst other commissions a statue of Lord Mansfield has been assigned to the chisel of Mr. Baily, R.A.—A colossal statue of Sir Robert Peel, by Behnes, in bronze, is in course of preparation, to be erected in the open space fronting the Mansion House. The figure stands ten feet ten inches in height. The lamented statesman is represented in his ordinary daily costume, and his usual parliamentary attitude, when speaking on the floor of the House of Commons.—The magnificent church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, now the finest structure of the kind in England, has just been enriched by the addition of a very beautiful stained glass east window, by Wailes, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the gift of Sir J. K. Habersfield and Mr. R. Phippen, citizens of Bristol.—Mr. Kilburn has effected an improvement in the stereoscope. The gain is portability and a saving of cost.—The subscription for the Art-Union is announced as about to close for this year. At dinner Mr. G. Godwin stated that the first year's subscription amounted only to 500*l.*, the second 750*l.*, the third 1300*l.*, the fourth 2200*l.*, the fifth 5500*l.*, and the sixth 13,000*l.* The amount of subscriptions had culminated at 17,800*l.*, and then subsided into a settled average income of 12,000*l.* The association had already spent at least 170,000*l.* for the encouragement of art. The prizeholders had expended about 90,000*l.* in the purchase of pictures; the council about 50,000*l.* on these and other works of art. For pictures purchased from the Royal Academy alone the sum of 34,291*l.* had been paid. Engravers had received 16,000*l.*

The valuable collection of pictures belonging to the Duke of Leuchtenberg is, with some few exceptions, to be removed from Munich to St. Petersburg.—The steam frigate *Mogador* has arrived at Toulon, from Tunis. She brings the colossal bust of Juno, intended for the museum of the Louvre. This magnificent statue had been deposited at Carthage.—Two new cartoons, of gigantic dimensions, are now exhibiting at Berlin. One is by Cornelius, representing the resurrection, and the other by Kaulbach, representing the entry of Godfrey de Bouillon into Jerusalem.—The Prince of Canino's pictures, announced for sale at Messrs. Christie's, fetched but moderate prices, with the exception of "The Adoration," by Rubens, which sold for 1200*l.*

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE first concert for the exhibition of the students of the Royal Academy took place on Saturday the 19th ult. at the Hanover-square Rooms, when the members of the academy not only performed, and very creditably performed, the items in the programme, but a great portion of the music set down for performance was composed by them. Among these compositions was a cantata by Dr. Steggall, consisting of two double choruses and a recitative and air, evincing originality and strength, taste and correctness in the scoring. Another choral production, by Mr. Ings, partook of Handel's figures and progressions, and indicated promise; and a composition set to the 16th Psalm, by Mr. Thompson, commencing

with a quintet, followed by a chorus and an aria, and ending with a choral recitative and a choral finale, exhibited considerable knowledge of the art, and arrested the ear, and enchained the sense by freshness throughout. Miss Hales, a pupil of Mr. Jewson, played exceedingly well on the pianoforte Weber's *Concert-Stück*. The concert, which was of a miscellaneous character, was a favourable omen of things to come.

Supremacy of taste and the conquest of difficulties strongly marked the performance by the London Sacred Harmonic Society of Handel's greatest work, the *Messiah*, on Thursday evening last at Exeter Hall. Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang the soprano music, dealt exquisitely with passages requiring pathos and expression, as well as those requiring greater facility of execution; and every note of her sweet discourses was devoured by silence and admiration. Miss Martha Williams's singing was a fine specimen of highly finished vocalism and correct reading, and, with the exception of certain crudities of style, Miss Stabbach sang well. Mr. Lander, from the magnificence with which he rendered his portion of the oratorio, showed that he has no superior in the school of Handel. Mr. Surman conducted with great ability, and the choruses went with extraordinary precision.

In the same temple of the sacred muse in the Strand, on the evening of the preceding Tuesday, Mr. Charles Horsley's oratorio of *Joseph*, originally brought out at Liverpool, was performed by the Harmonic Union, the composer conducting and bringing out all its musical effects. Though Mr. Horsley is reputed to be a great harmonist, it is not so much the melody that strikes you in this oratorio as its highly elaborated instrumental scoring. A symphony preceding the second part (spoilt only by its length) is a masterpiece of composition. The oratorio was extremely well received by a large and critical auditory.

On Monday, the 21st ult., Mr. Allcroft gave his farewell grand concert—a concert remarkable for its amplitude, the programme numbering fifty pieces, and for the great amount of talent congregated for the entertainment. Where the pieces were so numerous it is difficult to enter into minutiae, and where the talent was so great, it becomes invidious to individualize. Suffice it that there was a charming variety, and that, in point of performance, almost every piece was of the most unexceptionable kind.

A crowded and elegant assemblage graced with their presence a second *soirée musicale* given by Mr. E. Aguilar, at his residence on Saturday, the 19th ult. The concert was remarkable for the pleasing nature of the programme, and the excellent talent engaged: Mr. Aguilar's playing was, of course, the great feature of the evening. With M. Billet he played admirably a skillfully-arranged pianoforte duet of his own overture to *Alpheus*, also a very pretty romanza of his own composition; and, in conjunction with Herr Oberthür, a new duet for harp and piano, on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*. In addition to Herr Oberthür and M. Billet, there was talent of a high order, as may be judged by the names in the vocal and instrumental departments: Miss Birch, Miss Messent, Miss Lowe, Miss Ursula Barclay, and Mr. Henry Drayton, as vocalists; and as instrumentalists, Mlle. Coulon and Mr. Nicholson. They each and all added greatly to the charm of a programme studded with stars by their skilful and feeling execution of the music; and the result was that the entertainment was completely and deservedly successful.

Madame Biscottini made her first appearance recently at the Italiens, in Paris, in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress as *Arsace* in Rossini's *Semiramide*. The critics on the other side of the channel pronounce her voice a good mezzo-soprano, but with nothing remarkably striking in it, and speak of her acting as well taught and intelligent. In the same opera Signor Guidotti made his debut as a tenor, and is said to sing skilfully, and to possess a pleasing, well-regulated voice.

In the course of the coming season, at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent Garden, three new operas will certainly be produced, *Jessonda*, *Benvenuto Cellini*, and *Matilda de Shabran*, composed respectively by Spohr, Hector Berlioz, and Rossini. In addition to these, three more new operas will in all probability be added.—Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, and Signor Bonetti's *Juana Shore*. The repertoire comprises thirty-nine operas, each of which is complete in scenery, costumes and appointments. The debuts will be rather numerous. There will be three new sopranos: Madame Medori, from the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg and Vienna; Mlle. Donzelli; and Mlle. Albini; a new *contralto*, Mlle. Nantier Didiée, from the Italian Theatre in Paris; a new tenor, Signor Luchesi, from the Teatro della Scala, at Milan. Among the baritones, Signor Belletti appears here for the first time; and among the basses, M. Zelger appears again, after an absence of three years. Whenever operas will permit, ballet divertissements will be given, and for that purpose Mlle. Melina Maunet, from the Teatro de la Fenice, at Venice, and Mathilda Besson, from the Académie Impériale, at Paris, have been engaged with Barville, Kolemberg, Teresa and Lerieux.

NEW MUSIC.

LAURA WILSON BARKER has recently published four instrumental duets in separate parts; her compositions, themselves graceful and original, have the additional merit of being adapted to words which bear reading as well as singing. As rising from its purple wing, the words by Lord Byron, possesses a wildness and simplicity very consistent with the subject, but the accompaniment, being of too prelusive a character, resembles an instrumental exercise. In the second part, *Again rejoicing Nature*, the composer has caught the true spirit of Scottish melody; the words are by Burns.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep, written by Mrs. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. TURNBULL, and composed by JOHN BLOCKLEY, is a plaintive and tender melody, blending itself with the poet's sentiment into a beautiful whole. This little ballad will doubtless soon become an established favourite with the musical and music-loving world.

The Only Legal Polka, by W. AUGUSTUS WOODLEY (from whose pen, by-the-by, we have for some time past been hoping for an addition to the music of the day), is quite refreshing after the exhausted efforts at polka music which have of late struggled into publication—being as different in character as in title from its crowd of predecessors. The polka, it is said, has had its day—be this *only legal* one, then, the last bright revival which precedes annihilation. We recommend it sincerely to all collectors of dance music.

Had the much-regretted C. E. Horn seen the day of Wellington's death, would not his genius have been exercised on that subject of universal sympathy? Truly yes; and Mrs. Edward Thomas has done for the dead composer what, doubtless, could he have foreseen the event, he would have most desired; the words of *Wellington the Conqueror* are simple yet vigorous, breathing no morbid feeling but the honest sentiment of every Englishman. The day of sorrow, it is true, is past; but is there one among us who, when the chord is touched, will not feel his heart vibrate to its tones? Let all, then, who honour the memory of our lost hero possess themselves of Mrs. Thomas's beautiful composition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

LAST week Mr. Edwin Sims Reeves and Miss Sims Reeves appeared, by command of the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess of St. Germans, at Dublin Castle, and sang some of their favourite solos and duets.—Mr. Elton's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Drew, lately dead, has made a bequest of 200*l.* to the Royal General Theatrical Fund.—At the Royal Theatrical Fund dinner on Monday week Mr. Buckstone made the following allusion to his management of the Haymarket:—"It shall be my strong endeavour to maintain the high character which that house has always borne, from the days of Foote and George Colman to those of Mr. Webster. I assure you I have no belief in those dreary cant words, 'the decline of the drama'—and which, after all, are mostly uttered by those who 'come in with orders.' (Laughter.) I am firmly convinced of the buoyancy—the vitality—of the drama, when proper means are used to attract the public; and though fluctuations must be expected in every pursuit, yet in this I am sanguine enough to think that, with right energy, ultimate success may be attained. I commenced my drama life a mere boy, and on the lowest step of the ladder; as I ascended I found each step firm and sustaining, and now that I am about to plant my foot on the last and highest step, it would be hard indeed if that should give way beneath me—and I don't think it will." (Cheers.) To those who may consider me too trusting I can only reply that no depending or timid man should ever embark in a public enterprise.—Miss Helen Faucit and Miss Ellen Chaplin are among the engagements at the Haymarket Theatre, by Mr. Buckstone.—Mr. Henry Russell advises, in the programme of a week's entertainments just over at the Strand Theatre, that he "will each evening present a ticket to every person on entrance, which will entitle them to a chance of obtaining a free passage to America. The drawing will take place after his entertainment."—A new opera, by Pacini, has been brought out at the Scala, in Milan, called *Il Cid*. It was a complete *fiasco*, no attempt having been made to perform it a second time.—An opera to be called the *Sacre de Charles VII.* is being composed by Halévy and Scribe. It is to be brought out at the period of the Emperor's coronation.—M. Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, has been giving concerts at Berlin with success.—A Philharmonic Society has been established at Soerabaya, in the island of Java. It already numbers 250 members, and recently it performed selections from Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.—The theatrical prize of 5000*l.*, founded by M. Léon Faucher, has been awarded to two new plays of last year, one produced at the Odéon, and the other at the Gaité. The successful piece of the Odéon is *Les Familles* by M. Ernest Serret; and that of the Gaité is *La Mendiant*, by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Michel Masson. The committee was of opinion that no work had been produced at the Français of sufficient merit to deserve the prize they were empowered to award to that theatre.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON has been declared Honorary President of the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University; all the rival candidates having previously withdrawn.—Dr. Lindley has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, in the section of Rural Economy, in the room of the late M. Puvion.—The Academy of Sciences have elected Marshal Vaillant, by a majority of fifty-four to eight, in the room of the late M. Heron de Villefosse.—M. Guizot will be called to the senate as representative of the interests of the Protestants, who stand sadly in need of protection, and this distinguished gentleman will, with consent of the Protestant body, take his seat as the avowed organ of their sentiments.—M. Albert Gaudry, attached to the Museum of Natural History, has just been charged with a scientific mission in the Island of Cyprus and on the coasts of the Levant, the natural history and geology of which he is to study.—Napoleon III. has given to M. Huc, one of the Catholic missionaries, whose travels in Tibet and Tartary were recently published in France and this country, the cross of the Legion of Honour.—For some time past a prosecution has been carried on against Professor Gervinus, by the Government of Baden. The charge was high treason, for publishing a book called an *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. The tendency of the work was to prove from the past, that, by natural historical development, Germany is destined to become united and republican; but this work was of an exclusively philosophical character. M. Gervinus has just been tried by the Criminal Court of Mannheim. In his defence, he denied that, as an historian, treating an historical subject, he could by any possibility be guilty of treason; but he declared his determination, whatever might be the result of the trial, to continue to write history according to his convictions. The Court acquitted him of the charge of high treason, but found him guilty of "exciting to sedition." He was sentenced to ten [?] two months' imprisonment, and his book was ordered to be destroyed.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* states that, during the year in which the copyright treaty with France has been in operation, only three English books have been registered in Paris. If books not registered be reprinted an action will not lie; so that for all practical purposes the copyright treaty is ineffective.—A very general movement has been commenced for the purpose of establishing a university in Wales, and a petition was drawn up to that effect at the last annual meeting of the Anglo-Welsh clergy on St. David's-day.—Last week a public meeting was held in the National Hall, Holborn, Mr. J. Watson in the chair, to express an opinion on the recent prosecution of Mr. Tredlove by the Stamp-office, for vending an unstamped newspaper called the *Potteries Free Press*. Mr. Collett addressed the meeting at considerable length, contending that the prosecution was unjust, because one-sided; for whilst the poor man's penny paper was pounced upon, the high-priced unstamped papers, such as the *Athenæum*, *Builder*, *Law Times*, *Legal Observer*, *Racing Times*, *Journal of the Society of Arts*, *Dickens's Household Words*, and other unstamped publications, as much within the description of a newspaper as the *Potteries Free Press*, were permitted to go unscathed. On the motion of Mr. Finlon, a "Free-Press Union" was formed, to agitate for the repeal of the newspaper stamp.—The Norwegian Government has spontaneously credited the Ethnological Department of the Crystal Palace with a certain sum, to be expended for such articles as can be best procured in Scandinavia, on the understanding that such other articles as can be best procured in Great Britain shall be forwarded to the Museum of the University of Christiania, in the way of exchange or payment in kind. The Directors of the Ethnological Museum of Copenhagen have also expressed their readiness to effect exchanges.—At the assizes at Kingston an action was brought by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, of Lincoln College, Oxford (a gentleman of fair literary repute), against Messrs. John W. Parker and Son, publishers, of West Strand, for the recovery of a sum of 200*l.*, agreed to be paid for a translation of Bähr's *History of Roman Literature*. It consists in the German of two closely-printed octavo volumes, of about 1,700 pages, and the price of Mr. Metcalfe's labours, 200*l.*, was agreed to be paid without any stipulation as to time. It occupied the translator four years. When pressed for a moiety of the honorarium, Messrs. Parker returned the whole of the manuscript, submitting that it was unsuitable for publication, and declining to pay for it. Several literary men were called, and their evidence referred respectively to the merits and demerits of the translation. A verdict was recorded in Mr. Metcalfe's favour before the judge had finished his summing up.

The passion for obtaining titles as a preamble to names in Germany, is proverbial. Kotzebue, in his *Klein Stadter*, ridiculed this mania in a pleasant manner. His satirical fancy went far; but it has been outdone by the reality in the person of a Silesian gravedigger, who signs the receipts for his labour "Lowering-down Councillor" (Versenkungs-Rath).

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PASSION WEEK AND EASTER. M. LINSKI—R. Houdin—Sims Reeves—Her Majesty's Theatre.

LYCEUM.—*A Strange History*: a Dramatic Tale in nine chapters.

ADELPHI.—*An Adelphi Farce of Three Removes and a Dessert*.

SURREY.—*The Spirits of the Night; or the Legend of the Lake*: a Melodrama in three acts.

THE French troupe is paying a week's visit to the Liverpoolians, among whom it is to be charitably hoped that they will get an audience to understand them. Houdin is in possession of St. James's, and gives his magic *seances* throughout Easter week. Another *prestidigitateur*, named De Linski, exhibited at Drury Lane during Passion Week; though there was not much of novelty in his performances, he well merited a visit. Mr. Sims Reeves has been getting into scrapes again. "It is a fault with all singers," says our good friend Horace (if we may be permitted another reference to him), "that, when asked to sing among their friends, they never can be persuaded to do so." That is just Mr. Reeves's case. Either he is the most perverse or the most unfortunate of artists. The announcement of his appearance in public is apparently the signal for an attack upon him by all the malady-bearing winds of heaven; and a medical certificate of illness has now become the constant postscript in his programme. Poor Mr. Reeves! Why doesn't he go to Italy, or any other warmer and softer clime, where catarrh is unknown and colds do not afflict? If he wanted a mustard poultice, he certainly got it at both Exeter Hall and Sadler's Wells; at both of which places of entertainment he was most soundly, and, in our opinion, most deservedly hissed. A few such lessons will perhaps serve to bring this spoilt son of Apollo to his senses.

It is now definitely understood that Mr. Gye has become the lessee of her Majesty's theatre under an assignment from the creditor in possession. By this arrangement an immense amount of valuable property is saved from irremediable destruction; for it is no exaggeration to say that, if the sale by auction had continued, the theatre could not have been restored and refitted at less expense than twelve times the amount produced by the sale. The machinery under the stage alone cost Mr. Monk upwards of 20,000*l.*, and it would have been sold as old timber.

As Easter Monday fell on the 28th and THE CRITIC was in press on the 30th, we have not enjoyed much opportunity for criticism upon the Easter pieces. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with offering a few remarks upon the two pieces which we have seen, reserving for our next number anything we may feel called upon to say with reference to the other novelties.

Most of us have heard the story related of an economical gentleman, who one day purchased a splendid service of plate, and when his friends expressed astonishment at so unwonted an act of extravagance, he silenced them by saying, "My good friends, what I have spent in the plate I shall save tenfold in my dinners, for who will complain of meagre fare when it is sumptuously served to them upon silver?" Mr. Mathews has taken a hint from this story, and Mr. Mathews has grievously disappointed us. After all the row and rumpus that had been excited against the Lyceum, we, who wish that theatre nothing but good, would joyfully have recorded a brilliant, startling success, and have said to the scoffers "Go and scoff as you please. This manager is superior to you, for he knows his business. Here is a piece which is a great success, and the public will flock to it in crowds, oppose it and abuse it as vehemently as you will." But this pleasant text we must reserve for some happier occasion. Oh! what splendid scenery is this which has grown out of the magic paint-pot of Beverley! The service of plate is rich enough in all conscience. What, however, is the fare so sumptuously served up? Why, there is positively not enough plot to support a common three-act piece, and here we have nine acts. *Christine*, a vivandière, is married, by beat of drum, to *Sergeant Maurice*, of "the gallant 32nd." She has two children, *Amedée* and *Estelle*. She is wounded, and is separated from her children and from her husband. She is accused of a theft, which has really been committed by a scamp named *Jean Brigard*; and she is shut up in prison. The children are sheltered by a tipsy old farmer, named *Legros*, and his good-hearted quick-tempered wife. They are brought up in this honest family with two pleasant little country lasses, *Nicotte* and *Manette*. Hovering around these characters, as a sort of presiding genius over the happiness of everybody, we have *Jerome Leeverd*, a gentleman who follows the unpoetical profession of a cattle-dealer, and who recommends himself to notice by the easy way he has of using the goods and chattels of his simple-minded partner, *Nicholas*, and the manner he has of winning the good graces of the girls—*Nicotte* in particular; very much to the discomfiture of *Nicholas*. Thirteen years are supposed to elapse between the third and the fourth acts, and in the latter we find *Amedée* and *Estelle* grown up; *Estelle* loving and beloved by the bold young *Alfred de Mirecourt*, the son and heir of a noble countess who has befriended her. To rescue *Estelle* from this dangerous position is the self-imposed task of *Jerome Leeverd*, who solves the difficulty by eloping with her, taking

her "to his aged mother," and, as everybody supposes, marrying her himself. In Act 5 we have advanced five years more. *Jerome Leeverd* is now a gentleman of consequence. Did not the Countess give him sixty pounds on the occasion of his supposed marriage with *Estelle*; and what can be more natural than to find him a millionaire after five years—especially with those old notions of *meum* and *tuum*? At this juncture *Maurice* turns up, now a Colonel and a Count, hunting for his wife and children. The latter are forthcoming readily enough; but where is the former? Of course, exactly at the nick of time, she appears. *Brigard* is discovered under the disguise of a baron, and his guilt is made so manifest, that he confesses the crime for which *Christine* has suffered imprisonment. *Jerome Leeverd*, who has not married *Estelle* after all, resigns her, not without a sigh, to the bold young count; and, all parties having been made duly happy, he claps his hands and transforms a rustic pavilion into a polygonal saloon with mirrors shining from satin walls (each satin panel having a name of one of the characters inscribed thereupon for some mysterious purpose); the walls of the pavilion open to discover a large donkey-cart containing *Madame Legros* and *Nicotte*; the young ladies of the ballet come in with paper lanterns in their hands; *Jerome Leeverd* mounts up behind the donkey-cart, waves his hand, and upon this interesting, though problematic tableau, the curtain falls. Such is the brief outline of what everybody must admit to be a very common-place story. So utterly disproportioned were the incidents to the scenery displayed, that the Lyceum audience for a second time manifested the most supreme indifference as to the authorship of the piece, and bestowed all their plaudits upon the scene-painter. This feeling rose to such a pitch when the scene in Chapter VIII. entitled "The Waterfall in the Glen" was discovered, that the audience interrupted the progress of the piece, and summoned Mr. Beverley to the footlights to receive reiterated rounds of applause. The scene was, indeed, surpassingly beautiful; but, if any interest had been felt in the progress of the drama, Mr. Beverley's ovation would have been postponed to the fall of the curtain. "Ah!" said Mr. Mars, "if we did not lay so much store by applause, how much better comedians we should be." The phrase was profound, and contains an infinity of truth. The splendid scenery of the Lyceum has been so lauded and bepraised that the very art which was its glory is now becoming its bane. Its stage is degenerating into a picture-gallery, and its drama reminds one of a faded coquette, who paints her face with all the more consummate art, the sillier and more fantastical she becomes.

In these remarks we have purposely generalised the blame; when we come to particulars, justice and our own inclination allow us to praise. *Madame Vestris*, as *Christine*, displayed the qualities of a great natural actress; and Mr. C. Mathews, although somewhat imperfect in his part, was an admirable *Jerome Leeverd*. Mr. and Mrs. F. Mathews were graphically humorous as ever in the parts of farmer *Legros* and his snappish, good-hearted wife. The veteran Cooper, Mr. J. Bland, and Mr. Belton are recruits in the company, and respectively supported the parts of *Maurice*, his companion in arms, *Dominique*, and the young Count de Mirecourt. Mr. Roxby created a character out of the good-tempered, pliable *Nicholas*. The piquant naïveté of Miss Julia St. George, as *Nicotte*, drew the warmest applause from the audience, and she was especially commended in some charming little ballads composed for her by Mr. Tully. One of these little songs (a saucy, rattling duet), reminds us that Miss Mason, who made her debut as *Manette*, deserves a good word of congratulation and encouragement. She is young, pretty, natural, and engaging. What more can be desired? With a little experience she will become a bright ornament to the stage. Some apology was offered for Miss Oliver, who took the part of *Estelle* at a few hours' notice, vice Miss Robertson invalided. No apology, however, was necessary. She was perfect in her part, and acted it charmingly. The public were in no way losers by the substitution. The ballet was vile; always excepting *Rosina Wright*, who contrived to infuse a charm even into an unsightly *Pas Breton*, which may possibly have been accurate and characteristic, but which undoubtedly was so ungraceful in its composition that nothing short of the genius of *Rosina* could have saved it from utter condemnation. In fine, this *Strange History* must be considerably curtailed before it can enjoy anything like notorious success. It will bear the excision of at least three chapters, and the rest might be advantageously shortened.

Why a farce should have three removes and a dessert we cannot at all discover; even though it belong to that indescribable class of farces designated by the prenom *Adelphi*. If the production had been styled "A Banquet," or "A Dinner," the mention of removes and a dessert would have been intelligible. However, there's not much in the piece, so much can hardly be expected of the name; let us take it as we find it. It is intended simply as an introduction of Mr. Webster, with several other immigrants from the Haymarket, *in propriis personis*, to the Adelphi public: indeed, the selection of the entire play-bill seems to have been guided with that view. When that introduction is completed, it will be wise to withdraw the piece; for, although Messrs. Webster.

Wigan, Keeley, Paul Bedford, Leigh Murray, and Honey, can hardly be brought upon the stage with Mde. Celeste, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Woolgar, and Miss Maskell, without some fun and drollery being the result, yet the piece is destitute of all interest except that which attaches to the persons of the artists; and when the novelty of that has worn off it must insufferably pall. From the names we have cited above, it will be observed that many considerable additions have been made to the Adelphi company. Indeed, it is now by far the strongest in London; and perhaps even in past times, it would be difficult to find a parallel for it. The other pieces in the bill were admirably calculated to display to the highest advantage the peculiar qualifications of the company. Mr. L. Murray and Miss Woolgar, in the *Novel Expédient* (a version, it will be remembered, of *Levri III. Chapitre I.*); Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and A. Wigan, in *To Parents and Guardians*; and Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste, in *The Pretty Girls of Stibberg*, were happily arranged; so that every prominent member of the company was well brought out before the public. To comprehend the enthusiasm with which the evening's entertainment was received, on the night we visited the theatre, it would be necessary to hear the rapturous applause of the lads at home for the Easter holidays upon recognising their own life-like portraits in Mr. Taylor's wonderful domestic farce, and to witness the delight of the entire audience of seeing the military evolutions of the *Pretty Girls of Stibberg*. The extraordinary perfection of the latter inspires us with a confident hope that, if the emergency of a French invasion should evoke an efficient body of amazons, the Adelphi would not be behind-hand in furnishing drill-sergeants for the fair warriors. The ballet shouldering the musket is indeed a wedding of Venus with Mars.

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DEATHS.

ANGER.—In Paris, M. Victor Anger, who was stabbed by some person in the Rue Meslay, whilst returning from his work, He was about 25 years of age, and had distinguished himself in literature. He had lately published a pamphlet, entitled *The Emperor*, and was finishing a history of Queen Hortense, which he had proposed to dedicate to the Empress.

BAYARD.—Very suddenly, M. Bayard, the well-known author of the *Fils de Famille*, *La Reine de Seize Ans*, &c.

BRUNET.—M. Brunet, the great comic French actor of a former generation, lately, at Fontainebleau, aged 88. He was the contemporary of Potier, Perlet, and the other remarkable actors who raised slight and sentimental comedy to such a height of perfection in the reign of Louis Dix-huit.

DE BRUCH.—On the 4th inst. at Berlin, M. Leopold de Bruch, the celebrated Prussian geologist, aged 78.

CUNDALL.—On the 16th inst. aged 3 years, Edmund, third son of Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 3, Bellina-villas, Kentish-town.

LOMAS.—On the 16th inst. in his 70th year, to the great grief of his widow and family, James Lomas, Esq. for nearly forty years principal of Kirklington Academy.

OSIELA.—M. Orsila, the great French chemist, and former dean of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, died on Saturday week rather suddenly, aged 70. He had bequeathed a large scientific museum to the town of Angers, a place for which he entertained a great affection, and has also left 120,000fr. to the Academy of Medicine to found scientific prizes.

SOUTHERN.—Mr. Henry Southern, her Majesty's Minister at the Court of the Brazils. Mr. Southern first became known in the higher class of critical literature: he was one of the earlier editors of the *Westminster Review*; he planned as well as edited the *Retrospective Review*; and the pages of the *Spectator* lost by his removal to diplomatic service under Sir George Villiers in Spain.

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